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HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE
MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 4, 1875.

Hon. W. W. BELKNAP, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:

It is with deep regret that I have to announce to you the existence in this State of a spirit of defiance to all lawful authority, and an insecurity of life which is hardly realized by the general government or the country at large. The lives of citizens have become so jeopardized that unless something is done to give protection to the people, all security usually afforded by law will be overridden. Defiance to the laws and the murder of individuals seem to be looked upon by the community here from a stand-point which gives impunity to all who choose to indulge in either, and the civil government appears powerless to punish or even arrest.

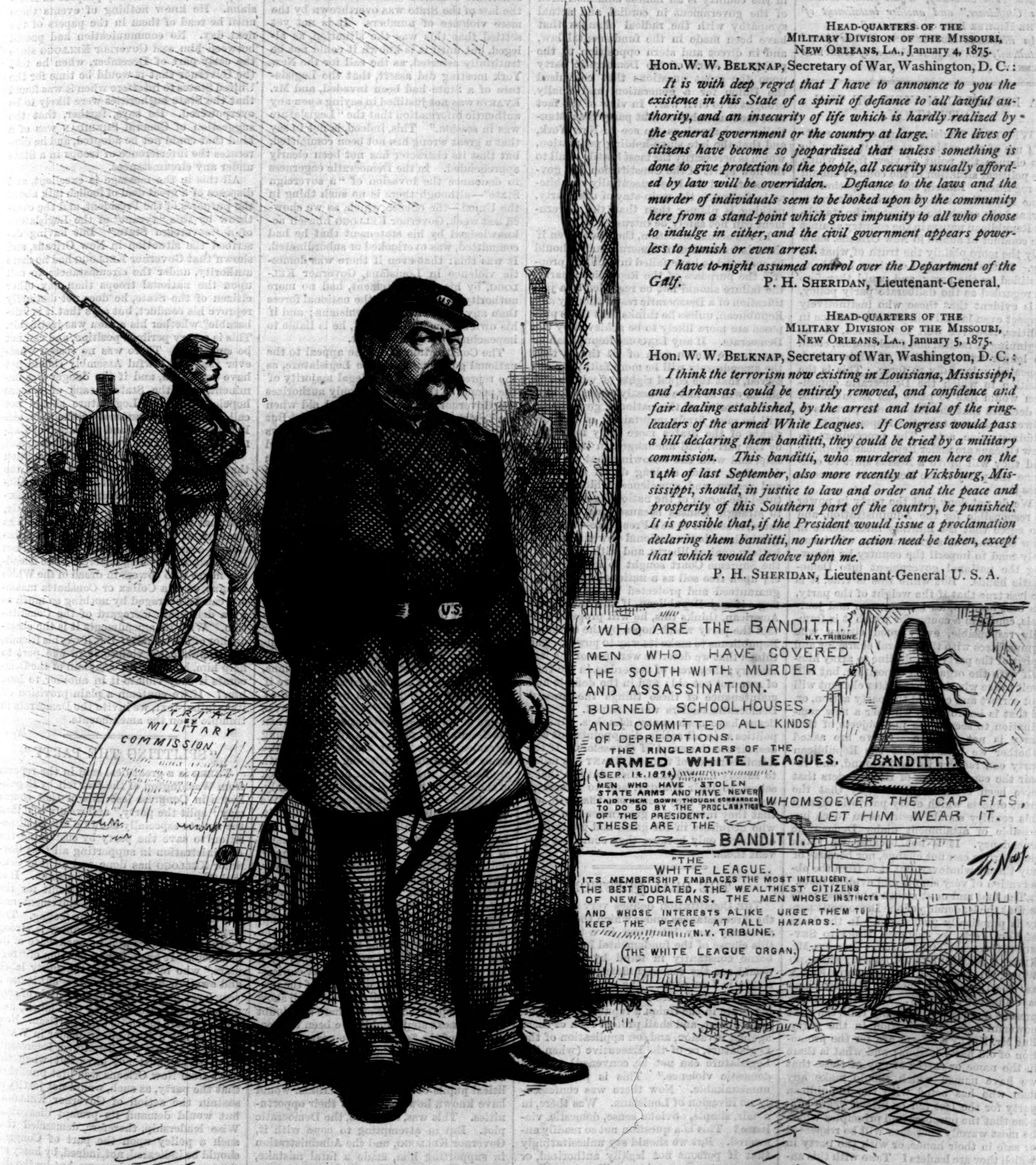
I have to-night assumed control over the Department of the Gulf. P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant-General.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE
MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 5, 1875.

Hon. W. W. BELKNAP, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:

I think the terrorism now existing in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas could be entirely removed, and confidence and fair dealing established, by the arrest and trial of the ringleaders of the armed White Leagues. If Congress would pass a bill declaring them banditti, they could be tried by a military commission. This banditti, who murdered men here on the 14th of last September, also more recently at Vicksburg, Mississippi, should, in justice to law and order and the peace and prosperity of this Southern part of the country, be punished. It is possible that, if the President would issue a proclamation declaring them banditti, no further action need be taken, except that which would devolve upon me.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant-General U. S. A.


TRIAL BY MILITARY COMMISSION
U.S.
"WHO ARE THE BANDITTI?" N.Y. TRIBUNE.
MEN WHO HAVE COVERED THE SOUTH WITH MURDER AND ASSASSINATION. BURNED SCHOOLHOUSES, AND COMMITTED ALL KINDS OF DEPREDATIONS.
THE RINGLEADERS OF THE ARMED WHITE LEAGUES. (SEP. 14. 1874)
MEN WHO HAVE STOLEN STATE ARMS AND HAVE NEVER LAID THEM DOWN THOUGH COMMANDED TO DO SO BY THE PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT.
THESE ARE THE BANDITTI.
BANDITTI.
WHOMSOEVER THE CAP FITS, LET HIM WEAR IT.
"THE WHITE LEAGUE. ITS MEMBERSHIP EMBRACES THE MOST INTELLIGENT. THE BEST EDUCATED, THE WEALTHIEST CITIZENS OF NEW-ORLEANS. THE MEN WHOSE INSTINCTS AND WHOSE INTERESTS ALIKE URGE THEM TO KEEP THE PEACE AT ALL HAZARDS." N.Y. TRIBUNE.
(THE WHITE LEAGUE ORGAN.)
Th. Nast

GENERAL SHERIDAN STANDS BY HIS DISPATCHES.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

"He is a soldier, and does not hesitate to do his duty......He is also prudent and discreet, and will do nothing to complicate matters or precipitate events......That is the kind of man SHERIDAN is."—GENERAL SHERMAN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.

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A REPUBLICAN VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

EVENTS in Louisiana, and even a rupture of the cabinet, should it occur, do not change the point of view from which the political situation in the country should be regarded. Indeed, the participation of some Republicans in the New York meeting, and the emphatic protest of the stanchest Republican papers in the country against the conduct of affairs in New Orleans, show only the more plainly the truth of what we say. If the action in Louisiana had been justified by the party, and could therefore be regarded as the deliberate party policy, it is evident that those who instinctively suspect even lawful military interference in politics, however well intentioned, as the beginning of radical and fatal trouble, could no longer trust a control of affairs which appealed unlawfully to force. This is the position in which the Democratic opposition would like to place the Republicans. It declares that the Republican party is in power, and must take the responsibility of administrative acts. The proceedings in New Orleans are under Republican auspices, and they will prove a Nessus shirt to consume the party if the Democrats can compass it.

We do not deny that the party in power is responsible for the Administration, and we agree that the military interference in New Orleans was a great wrong, which can only tend to imperil the country by throwing the national government into Democratic hands. But while this is true, it is no less true that if the weight of the party, its best opinion, its leading men and journals, condemn a course for which it is formally responsible, every good citizen who sympathizes with the general character and spirit of the party will decline to array himself with the organized opposition, but will wait to see whether that better element will not correct and control the party action, or, if that is improbable, whether a new combination to secure the just objects of that party is not possible. If we are asked whether we believe that the Republican party can recover its lost ground, and repair the consequences of the blunders that have been committed, we reply that the great objects which every patriotic man in this country should desire seem to us impossible of attainment under Democratic ascendency. It is not because we think that parties can not change, nor because of any theory whatever, but it is from the observation of very simple and evident facts.

The first and most striking of these facts is that the leadership of the Democratic party is practically unchanged. In the State of New York, for instance, HORATIO SEYMOUR, Governor TILDEN, Judge CHURCH, Mr. KERNAN, Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY, FERNANDO WOOD, Mr. BELMONT, and Mr. JOHN KELLY are the Democratic chiefs. The last name is comparatively new. It is that of the present director of Tammany Hall, the most powerful local organization in the party. But Mr. KELLY'S efforts are for the promotion of old party leaders; and what is there in the name or career of any of those that we have named which should make any man who has acted with the Republican party for the last ten or fifteen years suppose that the purposes and principles which he most warmly cherishes will be respected or safe in their hands, or with the party in which they are leaders? Take with this another conspicuous fact, that the white population of the Southern States, which has grown up in a social system of human slavery, which is essentially a system of violence and injustice, necessarily hostile to liberty and equal rights, the corner-stones of the American political system, is not, and can not be, in any just sense republican, unless caste is republican. Yet this population, aristocratic in instinct and training and prejudice, and with all the want of general enlightenment which belongs to states in which there has been no efficient system of free schools, is the chief dependence of the Democratic party in its hope of return to power.

We certainly do not say this in any other than a perfectly friendly spirit, or with the least wish to rekindle "smouldering fires," or to re-open "closed gulfs." But it is not an answer to plain statements of fact to say that we ought to conciliate, nor does it dispose of an argument based upon knowledge common to all intelligent men to shout that it is "the gospel of hate," just as it is not the part of good sense or of good citizenship when a friendless negro is wantonly persecuted and murdered to sneer at "the grist of the outrage mill." What is most wanted in the country is an honest administration of the government in cordial and actual sympathy with the radical changes that have been made in the fundamental law, and in direct and stern opposition to the policy and spirit of the Democratic party upon the great questions that convulsed the Union for a generation, and finally brought it to civil war. In view of the fact that the leadership of that party is substantially unchanged, as we see in New York, and that the late slave-holding population, which is necessarily the most hostile of all to the new spirit of the Constitution and government, and the least essentially republican in feeling, is the main-stay of that party, nothing is plainer than that the government can not safely be intrusted to it.

In the actual situation, therefore, even if the Administration of General GRANT should be conceded to have failed in fulfilling properly the purposes of the Republican party, the failure should not be regarded as a justification of a Democratic restoration by any Republican, unless he thinks that those purposes are more likely to be achieved by the Democrats. If any LINCOLN Republican or any sincere Union man of '64 thinks that the amendments will be more faithfully observed, that the equal rights of whites and blacks will be more honestly protected, that the authority of the national government will be more firmly maintained, or the just rights of the States more truly respected by the party, still unchanged in its leadership, and with the following that we have described, which so long defied humanity and reason and conscience, which prostituted the power of the national government to strangle Kansas because, and only because, it sought to be a Free State—the party which made the national power a masked battery against liberty, and with the aid of the Supreme Court sought to impose slavery upon free soil as a national institution, guaranteed and protected by the national flag—if any Republican, if any intelligent American, thinks this, he will properly sustain the party which hopes by the errors of Republicans to make its way to power. The things that we describe were not of the last century; they were of yesterday, in the time of men not yet old; and in the defense and maintenance of these things the present Democratic leaders were trained. Republicans have made many mistakes. But in politics as in all action, disappointment and despair are the worst of counselors. If the Administration of General GRANT has failed to satisfy Republicans, their duty to themselves, to their country, and to humanity demands that they secure one that will, not that they intrust the government to those who acquiesce in the gains and guarantees of liberty only because they could not prevent them.

THE REAL QUESTION.

THE Constitution defines very distinctly the circumstances under which the national authority may intervene in a State, and this clause of the fundamental law must be borne constantly in mind by those who would see the real significance of the late action in Louisiana. The exact words are, "The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature can not be convened), against domestic violence." This is precise and unmistakable. Now there was confessedly no invasion of Louisiana. Was there, in a fair, simple, obvious sense, domestic violence? This is a question not so readily answered. But we should say unhesitatingly that if persons not legally authorized, or competent persons in an illegal manner, were to obtain control of a Legislature, and assume to exercise its functions against the protest of the lawful presiding officer or of the majority of the lawfully certified members, who alone are the Legislature, there would be domestic violence of the most serious and menacing kind; and it seems to us that there can be no doubt for a moment that the dispersion of such a body, whether lawfully accomplished or not, and whether expedient or not, would certainly not be invasion or dispersion of a Legislature; for members lawfully certified, but organized in defiance of the law, which provides a special method of organization, and no other, do not compose a legal Legislature. That can consist only of a quorum lawfully returned and lawfully organized; for if a lawful quorum is present, its majority can have no good reason for not proceeding to organize in the sole prescribed manner.

If, then, the will of the majority was overborne in the organization in New Orleans, the body that was dispersed by General DE TROBRIAND was not the lawfully organized Legislature of Louisiana, and the circumstances, although no blood had been shed, and there was only immense confusion, did constitute domestic violence, that is to say, the law of the State was overthrown by the mere violence of numbers. It is not yet settled that this was the situation, as alleged, but until it is known it could not be truthfully asserted, as the call for the New York meeting did assert, that the Legislature of a State had been invaded, and Mr. EVARTS was not justified in saying upon any authentic information that the "Legislature was in session." This, indeed, is not to say that a great wrong has not been committed, but that its character has not been clearly apprehended. In the Democratic eagerness to denounce the invasion of "a sovereign State"—although there is no such thing in the Union—the offense which, as we showed last week, Governor KELLOGG himself acknowledged by his statement that he had committed, was overlooked or subordinated. It was this: that even if there was domestic violence in Louisiana, Governor KELLOGG, by his own statement, had no more authority to subdue it by the national forces than any other citizen of Louisiana; and if his own statement is correct, he is liable to impeachment for his conduct.

The Constitution gives the appeal to the national government to the Legislature, as the representative of the legal majority of the people of the State, and only authorizes the Governor to invoke national aid when the Legislature can not be convened. But it could be convened, for the Governor says that a lawful quorum was on the spot, and appealed to him. That is the end of the case, and it is conclusive against the whole proceeding. The Governor had no right even to ask to use the national force when the Legislature could be convened, yet he deliberately used it without asking. He did not even observe the form of a request to the President. He commanded the United States troops to remove certain persons claiming seats in the Legislature, and whose claim had been referred by the lawful authority to the decision of the Legislature, as a sergeant of police orders his squad to arrest a pickpocket. This is what Governor KELLOGG did in contravention of the Constitution. This is what the intelligence of the Republican party universally condemns, and what will be condemned all the more if it is sought to be defended by any kind of pettifogging. "I feel," said Mr. SEWARD, in one of his ablest speeches, at a time when the Republican party was rising, a young Hercules, to its great task—"I feel the sands of compromise slipping from beneath my feet, and they take fast hold of the rock of the Constitution." There, and there only, can the Republican party stand firmly. We beg our friends in Congress to remember it.

That the so-called organization of the Legislature in New Orleans was the result of a conspiracy, a plan carefully arranged, will not be doubted by any close observer. The illegal method of proceeding presumptively establishes it. The instant appearance of certain persons, with badges already attached to their coats before they were appointed, as assistant sergeants-at-arms; the immediate seating of the five members, and the refusal to call the ayes and noes by a body which did not hesitate to seat contesting members; the total disregard of the protest of the lawful presiding officer—all show careful preparation. Nor is there any doubt that the next step would have been the recognition of the Senate of two years ago and the immediate impeachment of KELLOGG, with the transfer of the whole power of the State to the Democratic party; and the political pupils of Plaquemine SLIDELL would have known how to improve their opportunities. This was, of course, the Democratic plot. But in attempting to cope with it, Governor KELLOGG, and the Administration in supporting him, made a fatal mistake, and were outwitted. If the Democrats violated the law in organizing the Assembly, the Governor violated the Constitution in his method of opposing them, laid himself liable upon the most substantial grounds to impeachment, dealt a foul blow at his party, and, more than all, imperiled the fundamental guarantees of liberty. To justify what has been done is to excuse the old Democratic infamies in Kansas, and to invite that party, should it regain power, to plead a Republican precedent for outrages upon constitutional right leveled at the negro. Mr. MORTON recalls the crimes even now committed against the new citizens in the Southern States, while the national military force, under doubtful laws and interpretations, is arrayed for their protection. But he must see that constitutional straining of construction is helping to dissolve the Republican party, while it is strengthening the hands of the Democrats, should they have the chance, for the commission of thousands of other crimes.

THE LOUISIANA MESSAGE.

THE President's message clearly relieves him of the responsibility of ordering the troops to interfere for any purpose in Louisiana. He knew nothing of events there until he read of them in the papers of the next day. No communication had passed between him and Governor KELLOGG since the early part of December, when he told the Governor that it would be time for the United States to interfere when it was found that the State authorities were likely to be overpowered. He says, further, that the suggestion of General SHERIDAN was of a kind that could not be adopted, and he deprecates the interference of troops in a State under any circumstances.

All this in the message is excellent, and disposes of a great deal of foolish talk about the purposes of the President, and the overthrow by this "tyrant" of the Legislature of a "sovereign State." But having described the situation in New Orleans, and shown that Governor KELLOGG had no more authority, under the circumstances, to call upon the national troops than any other citizen of the State, he does not distinctly reprove his conduct, but says that it is "debatable" whether his action was justifiable. This is a very perilous position, and can not be sustained. There was no reason whatever that the lawful Assembly should not have organized, and if the danger was imminent, and the State means of defense hopeless, that the Legislature should not call, in the constitutional method, for aid. It is the extenuation and palliation of KELLOGG'S conduct that weaken the message.

The President shows by his explanation that the interference was in no sense the Republican policy; but it is equally the Republican policy to condemn such interference promptly, plainly, and trenchantly, and that the President has not done. The strength of the party is in its strict adhesion to constitutional rights. This can not be too constantly remembered. The friendless negro who cowers in dread of the White League, or of a Colfax or Coushatta massacre, can be outraged by nothing so much as by a deliberate disregard of the Constitution. With its amendments it is the sheet-anchor of his welfare. But if we, his friends, the Republicans, violate it in one part to help him, how can we complain of the Democrats if they violate it in another to hurt him? If we contemn a plain provision of its original text, we invite the Democrats to trample upon the amendments.

"SPLITTING THE PARTY."

THERE is a great deal said in the reports from Washington of the fear felt by Republicans in Congress lest this or that course may "split the party," and we are told that the Senate especially shows a strong disposition to save the party by sustaining the Administration in supporting all that Governor KELLOGG has done and all that General SHERIDAN has said in Louisiana. It is curious that it is always difficult for the Capitol to understand the movement and the exact condition of public feeling. The Republican party in this country is strong by the intelligence and independence of its members. It has a fair proportion of "regulars," who look only for the party label, and swallow all that it covers, but it has a very large and controlling multitude of supporters who care nothing for labels, and who are more patriotic than partisan. Now there is not a Republican leader in Washington—Secretary, or Senator, or Representative—who must not have felt when the news from New Orleans was first published that the party, as such, would not justify or sustain the action of Governor KELLOGG, but would demand its prompt disavowal. Wise leadership, therefore, demanded that such a policy upon the part of Congress should be indicated, not, indeed, by hasty action upon excited telegrams, but by the distinct declaration that if things really were as reported, they would not be sustained, and by at once requesting information. Those leaders should not have allowed it to be supposed for an instant that under a plea of crimes and disorder upon the pa of the White League, or any other combinations or individuals, the Republican party would tolerate the control of the national force by a State Governor at his own pleasure.

As mere party tactics the first thing to do was to assume the truth and declare it, and that was the party condemnation of all unconstitutional and hasty action in Louisiana, whether taken by a Republican local Executive or not, and whether with the approval of the national Administration or not. And now that enough facts are known, Congress ought to understand that there is one sure way of "splitting the party," and that is by a timid, hesitating, paralytic policy. Mr. Schurz said nothing better in his speech than that he hoped the Republicans would not attempt any strained or doubtful interpretation of law in defense of the New Orleans action. The vital interest of the party, the avoidance of a "party split," requires that the proceeding of the Executive of Louisiana, so far as it has no clear and simple and unquestionable sanction in the Constitution, and whether the President and cabinet sanction it or not, shall be as forcibly condemned by Congress as it is by Republicans throughout the country. That so few Republicans in New York signed the call for the meeting of protest was not that they did not feel that a great wrong had been done. And Congress should see that even if it must choose in this matter between the President and the party, or the great mass of intelligent Republicans, it must choose the latter. We do not believe that this is an alternative likely to be presented, but it should always be borne in mind as possible. A year ago Mr. Carpenter asked his Republican associates in the Senate whether they wished to go into the election of '76 with Louisiana as it was then. But do they wish to enter upon that campaign, after the earthquakes of the autumn, with Louisiana as it is now?

It is the false idea that the party can be helped by persistence in doubtful courses and vehement defenses of them which has brought so much disaster upon us. Congress reproaches the press. The Republican press is accused of impracticability and want of steady and consistent support of the party action. "How can an Administration succeed if its own party press joins or even leads the opposition in criticism and censure?" we are asked. And we reply that nothing has been easier than for the Administration to unite its party press. It is not the comments and censure of the Republican press, but the policy and conduct which, with the greatest desire not to differ, it could not honestly approve, which are responsible for the situation. It is an old saying that the thermometer is not responsible for the weather. If Republican journals have sharply criticised the management of the party, it is because the party has been most lamentably managed. If there has been any failure in party duty, it has been in Congress, not in the press, and it has arisen mainly from a disposition, which we have often mentioned and deplored, to regard all criticism and unwillingness to acquiesce in every thing as mere baseless and foolish party hostility to be treated with contempt. Does any body in Congress or in the cabinet think that the Republican party would have been weaker in the country to-day if upon receipt of the news from New Orleans a Republican Senator had offered the resolution which Mr. Thurman offered, or if the President had at once asked Governor Kellogg by what authority he had issued orders to the United States troops? Such a course would not have committed the President to recognize any Legislature in the State but that with the legal quorum, and it would have shown the sensitive respect for constitutional sanction which the best Republicans feel.

The press may be supposed to know and to represent the feeling of the party at least as fully and accurately as Congress, and if Republican newspapers are faithfully studied at Washington, it will be seen that the way to "split the party" is to approve General Sheridan's unfortunate dispatch, and to justify Governor Kellogg for ordering the soldiers into the State-house.

LOUISIANA: KANSAS.

The difference between Republicans in the Louisiana question and Democrats in the Kansas question in 1856 is that Republicans frankly condemn the unauthorized use of the army, and the Democrats vociferously applauded it. Yet in Louisiana it was mistakenly used in defense of the oppressed; in Kansas it was intentionally prostituted to help the oppressor. Here is the story of the Democratic dispersion of the Legislature of Kansas at Topeka on the 4th of July, 1856:

"While the members of the Legislature were in their respective halls waiting for the hour of noon, to be called to order, according to a previous adjournment, Colonel Sumner and his troops appeared. At his right was the military band, and close behind about two hundred dragoons in three squadrons. The military battle-flag was afloat. The soldiers were drawn up around the hall and along the street facing it, and one hundred yards off were two cannon posted so as to command the street, and gunners were stationed by them ready for the word to fire. An army surgeon was also conspicuous, with his case of instruments! This disposition having been made, three other companies of dragoons approached the town from an opposite direction from which those stationed had come. Just before twelve o'clock Colonel Sumner entered the hall and went up to the platform. The First Clerk, Mr. Tappan, proceeded to call the roll, when Colonel Sumner said:

"'Gentlemen,—I am here to perform the most painful duty of my whole life. Under the authority of the President's proclamation, I am here to disperse this Legislature, and therefore inform you that you can not meet. I therefore order you to disperse. God knows that *I* have no party feeling in this matter, and will hold none so long as I occupy my present position in Kansas.'

"Judge Schuyler, a member, asked, 'Are we to understand that the Legislature are driven out at the point of the bayonet?' 'I shall use all the force in my command to carry out my orders!' was the reply. The Representatives then dispersed, and the officer proceeded to the Senate-chamber and ordered the clearance of that body. 'My orders are that you must not be permitted to meet, and I can not allow you to do any business,' said Colonel Sumner. The presence of the troops was enough. Mr. Pillsbury said, 'Colonel Sumner, we are in no condition to resist the United States troops, and if you order us to disperse, we must disperse.' Colonel Allen suggested that this be taken as the expression of all members, and this was assented to. Colonel Sumner then left the hall, and the dragoons were filed away."

A LETTER FROM JUDGE JAMESON.

We have received the following letter from Judge Jameson, author of the standard work upon the Constitutional Convention, in which he corrects a misapprehension as to a change in his views:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—My attention has just been called to your notice of my letter to the Chicago *Tribune* respecting Arkansas affairs, published in your issue of the 19th inst. In that notice you cite with approval my statement that a Legislature has power to call a Convention to amend or remodel the Constitution of a State whenever it may deem it necessary, *except where it has been expressly prohibited from doing so by the Constitution itself.* You say:

"This position, ... however, is entirely different from that of those who assert that the people .... may change the Constitution when and how they please. This is the ground which Mr. Hallett took in the Rhode Island case, and which Judge Jameson describes as absurd and ridiculous."

To this you add, referring to my work on Conventions:

"His opinion is now evidently much more positive upon the point in question than it was when his work was published, for in that he describes the constitutional revision in Pennsylvania in 1790, in Delaware in 1792, and in Maryland in 1851, where the methods provided in the Constitutions were disregarded, as 'wholly illegitimate.'"

In regard to this supposed change of view, two or three times before charged against me by the press of Arkansas and other States, citing the same cases and my remarks respecting them, I wish space for a few observations.

1. Upon reference to sections 221-226 and 564-570 of the work referred to, it will be found that the cases of the three States named come within the exception given above in italics, that is, their respective Legislatures called Conventions when the Constitutions under which they were elected expressly prohibited any change of those instruments save by the action of the Legislature, or, in Pennsylvania, of a Council of Censors. If the bodies so called together were not "wholly illegitimate," is it possible to conceive of any that would be? The fundamental law in each case provided for its own amendment in a special mode and by means of a certain instrumentality, and prohibited the employment of any other. As a sample of them all, let me cite the case of Delaware. The Delaware Constitution of 1776 provided that "no article of the Declaration of Rights and Fundamental Rules of this State agreed to by this Convention, nor the first, second, fifth (except that part thereof that relates to the right of suffrage), twenty-sixth, and twenty-ninth articles of this Constitution, ought ever to be violated" (that is, changed) "on any pretense whatever; no other part of this Constitution shall be altered, changed, or diminished without the consent of five parts in seven of the Assembly and seven members of the Legislative Council."

Despite this prohibition the Legislature in 1791 called a Convention to revise and amend the Constitution. This body assembled in 1792, and it has never been denied that the act calling it was a violation of the Constitution, although it was justified then and afterward by Democratic politicians on the ground of the sovereignty of the people, and upon other political maxims resulting "from the nature of man." (Jameson's *Constitutional Convention*, sections above cited.) Indeed, the Legislature itself did not pretend to have a legal right to call a Convention, but rested its action only upon expediency. In the preamble to the act it said: "By the 30th article of the Constitution of this State the power of revising the same, and of altering and amending certain parts thereof, is vested in the General Assembly; and it appears to this House that the exercise of the power of altering and amending the Constitution by the Legislature would not be productive of all the valuable purposes intended by a revision, nor be so satisfactory and agreeable to our constituents, and that it would be more proper and expedient to recommend to the good people of the State to choose deputies for this special purpose to meet in convention."

All this was true, and it was also true that the enactment of the prohibitory clause of the Constitution was a great mistake. But there it was, and nothing but a revolution could provide a remedy. That revolution was effected by the general acquiescence of the people of Delaware. But suppose the people had not acquiesced, what then would have been the legal character of the Convention up to the time when, having framed its Constitution, it adjourned and its work went to the people?

2. As the people of the State accepted (not technically adopted) and for many years lived under the Constitution of 1792, it doubtless became by their acquiescence a valid Constitution, although the mode of proceeding to prepare it was illegal, and the Convention that framed it "wholly illegitimate." You are therefore in error when you represent me as having described the *constitutional revision* in Delaware in 1792, and in the other States, as illegitimate, if by the term *revision* you mean the instrument framed by the Convention, after it had gone into effect. That instrument was validated by the popular acquiescence, but nothing could make legal the original act of the Legislature or the body called by it into being.

3. I will close by expressing the hope that a work deemed to be of some authority on questions of this kind (see your article of the 19th) may hereafter be studied by those who quote from it, so far, at least, as not to make me responsible for opinions which I do not hold, but which I expressly repudiate in its pages. For the principles which I think ought to govern cases like that of Arkansas, where the terms of the constitutional provisions relating to the amendment of constitutions by the conjoint action of the Legislature and the people are permissive merely, without restrictive or prohibitory words, see sections 571-576 of the above-named work. But for those governing the three cases cited by you, in which the terms were restrictive or prohibitory, see the sections first referred to above—221-226 and 564-570.

John A. Jameson.

Chicago, *December* 29, 1874.

SHERIDAN'S JUSTIFICATION.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

"Lieutenant-General Sheridan was requested by me to go to Louisiana to observe and report the situation there, and, if in his opinion necessary, to assume the command, which he did on the 4th inst., after the legislative disturbances had occurred—at 9 o'clock p.m.—a number of hours after the disturbance. No party motives or prejudices can reasonably be imputed to him; but, honestly convinced by what he has seen and heard there, he has characterized the leaders of the White Leaguers in severe terms, and suggested summary modes of procedure against them, which, though they can not be adopted, would, if legal, soon put an end to the troubles and disorders in that State. General Sheridan was looking at facts, and possibly not thinking of proceedings which would be the only proper ones to pursue in a time of peace, and thought more of the utterly lawless condition of society surrounding him at the time of his dispatch, and of what would prove a sure remedy. He never proposed to do an illegal act, nor expressed a determination to proceed beyond what the law in the future might authorize for the punishment of the atrocities which have been committed, and the commission of which can not be denied. It is a deplorable fact that political crimes and murder have been committed in Louisiana which have gone unpunished, and which have been justified or apologized for, which must rest as a reproach upon the State and country long after the present generation has passed away."—*President* Grant's *Message.*

PERSONAL.

General Dix, in a recent address to the graduates of the Albany Medical College, said, "I have some claim to be heard, as I had in my early life many years of disordered health, which I overcame effectually by a careful investigation of the cause, and by a persevering adherence to the laws which nature prescribes for our government, and which I was compelled to learn by experience, for want of proper professional counsel." Besides this, the Governor has had the advantage of frequent change of climate, necessary upon frequent change of office. In New York he fulfilled the duties of president of a great railway company, postmaster, and in 1864 was chief of this military district. At Washington he discharged with signal ability the duties of United States Senator from 1845 to 1849, and from December, 1860, to March, 1861, was Secretary of the Treasury. In May, 1861, he was in command at Fortress Monroe. In 1867 he went to France as minister, and on returning found his way to Albany as Governor. Thanks to a good constitution and much exercise, he is now, at seventy-seven, in good case, but goes to Florida for a little relaxation.

—The eloquent and vigorous discourses of the Rev. Mr. Talmage, pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, on theatrical amusements, books of a bad moral tendency, tippling, drunkenness, and kindred subjects, which have attracted so much attention of late, will shortly be published by the Harpers in book form, under the suggestive title, *Sports that Kill.*

—Arsène Houssaye, in his last letter to the *Tribune*, ends, as usual, with a witticism, the practical application of which may be made to this country as well as to France. "We have," he says, "made an Academician, M. Léon Say, and we have lost one, M. Husson, in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. M. Léon Say is well known to you as a politician and a journalist. M. Husson was director of Public Charities. Do you know what that is? It is a grand administration, for the support of which every body is put under contribution. They tell me it is for the poor, but I say it is for the poor administrators."

—The British government did well in putting "an old Duffer" in the Governor-Generalship of Canada. He does all sorts of popular things. A recent letter from Ottawa to the Toronto *Globe* says that "the Governor-General played a single-handed curling match Wednesday afternoon with Mr. Hutchinson, at Rideau Hall, for a barrel of flour, to be presented to the Protestant Hospital. The ice was very good. His Excellency came off victorious, defeating his opponent by four points. He manifested great interest in the game, and has become an admirable player."

—Among the new appointees to office in this city on the 1st inst. are two who during the rebellion occupied conspicuous positions in the Confederate service. Mr. Burton N. Harrison, ex-secretary of Jefferson Davis, is now chief clerk and secretary of Mayor Wickham, and Major Quincy, formerly keeper of Libby Prison, is Sheriff Connor's Clerk of Arrests.

—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* pays a well-merited compliment to the enterprise and business tact of Messrs. Jansen, M'Clurg, & Co., the well-known booksellers of that city. Among other things it says: "A visit to their handsome establishment on State Street will surprise and delight the stranger in our city. It has become the rendezvous for men and women of culture and refinement, and is in itself a miniature city of books, arranged in every variety of attractive garb and color. Step down stairs to the basement floor, and a small army of packers may be found opening and checking packages, filling orders, and sending forth to the uttermost ends of the continent myriads of novels, school-books, volumes of poetry, and books upon every conceivable subject, from the science of animal magnetism to Mother Goose's melodies. A large corps of assistants is required to carry on this immense trade, and in every department are to be found gentlemen ready and willing to give information, and to supply any want demanded by the reading public. What Mudie's is to London, the Blackwoods to Edinburgh, Jansen, M'Clurg, & Co. are to Chicago. In their comfortably carpeted and well-heated halls are to be met the best intellectual culture in our city. There is generally on exhibition some charming work of art, and here the dilettante can while an hour away, and the antiquarian indulge his favorite taste in the treasures of some quaint and curious relic of the past. Their business is largely upon the increase, and their establishment compares favorably with any house of similar character in this or any other city, East or West."

—An old, old man was Dennis Tooney, of Oxford, Massachusetts, who died a few days since at the age of one hundred and eight. He fought under Wellington at Waterloo, and has since then had occasion to allude to that fact now and then.

—When one is elevated to high position it is cheering to have one's friends make kindly mention of it. This has been done by the editor of the Mobile (Alabama) *Register*, who greets the new Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky in this gushing and "hail-fellow-well-met" style: "Rev. Dr. Thomas U. Dudley, of Virginia, recently of Baltimore, has been elected Bishop of Kentucky, to succeed Bishop Cummins, deposed. Ah, Tom, my boy, do you remember the old times at the University of Virginia? What jolly times those were! Now you are a bishop! Harry Toulman is a Judge. Doty is out West dealing faro. Not long ago we picked up Patterson on the streets dead drunk, and forwarded him to Mississippi. Arnell, of Tennessee, turned Radical, went to Congress, and died. Warmoth made Kennard a Supreme Court Judge of Louisiana. Thompson was killed leading an Arkansas regiment at Shiloh. All the rest of us who are not dead or forgotten are struggling to keep our noses above water. You alone are bishop, my dear Tom. From the newspaper offices of the Gulf, from the faro banks of the West, from judicial seats, from the studios of professors, and the pulpits of the ecclesiastics, we take off our hats and cheer for the new Kentucky bishop, as the best-souled fellow, the brightest intellect, the truest friend, and purest spirit old Virginia ever gave birth to."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The discussion of the Louisiana question was continued by Congress during most of the week ending on the 16th inst. In the Senate, on the 11th, Mr. Schurz made a lengthy speech, arraigning the national government for illegal interference with the State Legislature. The Senator offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire what legislation by Congress is needed to secure to the people of Louisiana their rights of self-government. Senator Logan made a lengthy reply, in which he warmly defended the course of the administration. In the House, on the same day, Mr. Cox presented a resolution denouncing the action of the President. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. On the 13th the President sent a special message to the Senate, in response to a resolution calling for information on the subject.—In the House, on the 11th inst., Mr. Kasson introduced a bill supplementary to the bill to restore specie payments. It provides, among other things, that on November 1, 1875, and for five months thereafter, legal-tender notes in sums of $50 or its multiple may be presented at the Sub-Treasury for redemption at the rate of $100 in notes for $90 in gold; and for each period of four months thereafter the rate shall be successively advanced one per cent. in gold until July 1, 1878, and on and after January 1, 1879, the exchange shall be at par. Another section provides that notes redeemed shall not be re-issued, but be canceled and destroyed. The bill was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. The President on the 14th inst. signed the new finance bill for the resumption of specie payments. In returning the bill to the Senate with approval, he took occasion to remind that body that while a pledge to resume the payment of specie at a certain fixed date was commendable, and that he signed the bill with great pleasure, it was desirable that there should be further legislation to insure the ability of the government to fulfill the pledge. The message was referred to the Committee on Finance.—The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, amounting to $1,344,785, was passed by the House on the 11th.—Mr. George H. Boker was confirmed as minister to Russia on the 13th.

The Louisiana Legislature on the 13th inst. re-elected Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback United States Senator.

The New Hampshire Republican State Convention was held at Concord on the 12th inst. Person C. Cheney was nominated for Governor. Resolutions were adopted opposing a third term, favoring free banking and the resumption of specie payments, and declaring against all subsidies.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Gladstone has withdrawn from the leadership of the British Liberal party. In a letter to Earl Granville he declares that his retirement is dictated by personal views regarding the method of spending the closing years of his life. He promises to continue a cordial support of the Liberal party in Parliament.

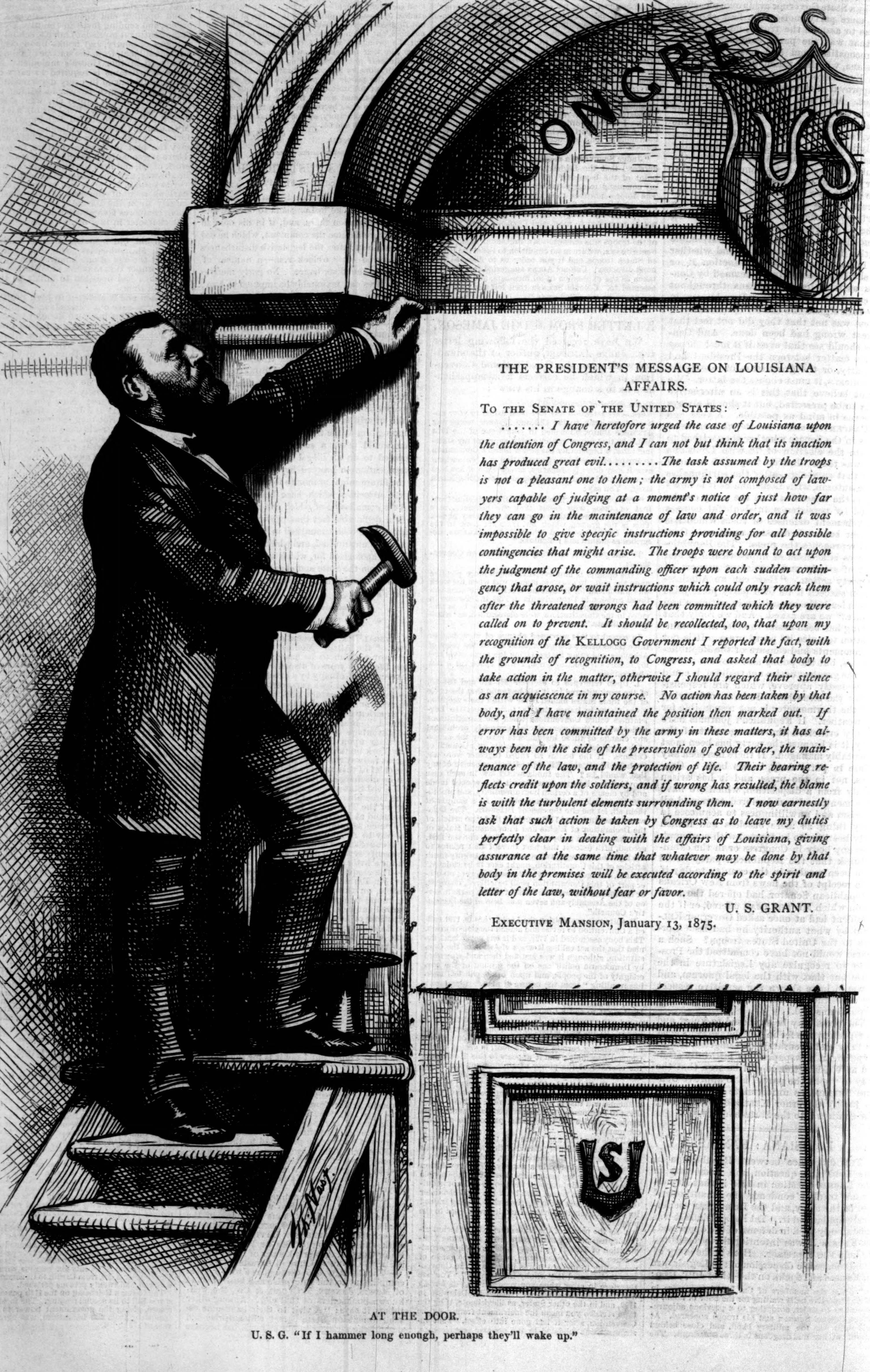
In Spain a decree has been issued for the restoration to the Church of all ecclesiastical property not included in the redemption fund. The Spanish orders of Charles III., Isabella the Catholic, and Marie Louise have been re-established.

The London *Times* says it has reason to believe that Bismarck has intimated to Spain that the German government will defer recognition of King Alfonso until the decree suspending two Protestant newspapers and closing the Protestant chapel in Cadiz is repealed.

The cutter *Lapwing* was attacked recently by the natives of Santa Cruz Island, in the Pacific, her crew overpowered and massacred, and the vessel burned. The savages afterward attacked the British war-ship *Sandfly*, but were driven off.

The British steamer *Bride*, from Alexandria for Hull, has been lost at sea, with twenty of her passengers and crew. The British steamer *Cortes* was also lost in the Bay of Biscay. Twenty-six persons were drowned. The steamer *Alice*, from Cardiff to Constantinople, was wrecked, and twenty persons perished.

The German Reichstag on the 11th passed the Landsturm Bill to its second reading. The most important clause, giving the government power to supply the Landwehr from the Landsturm, was agreed to by a vote of 176 to 104.



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON LOUISIANA AFFAIRS.

TO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES:

.... *I have heretofore urged the case of Louisiana upon the attention of Congress, and I can not but think that its inaction has produced great evil.........The task assumed by the troops is not a pleasant one to them; the army is not composed of lawyers capable of judging at a moment's notice of just how far they can go in the maintenance of law and order, and it was impossible to give specific instructions providing for all possible contingencies that might arise. The troops were bound to act upon the judgment of the commanding officer upon each sudden contingency that arose, or wait instructions which could only reach them after the threatened wrongs had been committed which they were called on to prevent. It should be recollected, too, that upon my recognition of the* KELLOGG *Government I reported the fact, with the grounds of recognition, to Congress, and asked that body to take action in the matter, otherwise I should regard their silence as an acquiescence in my course. No action has been taken by that body, and I have maintained the position then marked out. If error has been committed by the army in these matters, it has always been on the side of the preservation of good order, the maintenance of the law, and the protection of life. Their bearing reflects credit upon the soldiers, and if wrong has resulted, the blame is with the turbulent elements surrounding them. I now earnestly ask that such action be taken by Congress as to leave my duties perfectly clear in dealing with the affairs of Louisiana, giving assurance at the same time that whatever may be done by that body in the premises will be executed according to the spirit and letter of the law, without fear or favor.*

U. S. GRANT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, January 13, 1875.

AT THE DOOR.

U. S. G. "If I hammer long enough, perhaps they'll wake up."

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SPECIMEN OF MY WISDOM.

THE scene must follow my erratic movements—the scene must close on London for a while, and open in Edinburgh.

Two days had passed since Major Fitz-David's dinner party. I was able to breathe again freely, after the utter destruction of all my plans for the future, and of all the hopes that I had founded on them. I could now see that I had been trebly in the wrong—wrong in hastily and cruelly suspecting an innocent woman; wrong in communicating my suspicions (without an attempt to verify them previously) to another person; wrong in accepting the flighty inferences and conclusions of Miserrimus Dexter as if they had been solid truths. I was so ashamed of my folly, when I thought of the past, so completely discouraged, so rudely shaken in my confidence in myself, when I thought of the future, that, for once in a way, I accepted sensible advice when it was offered to me. "My dear," said good old Benjamin, after we had thoroughly talked over my discomfiture on our return from the dinner party, "judging by what you tell me of him, I don't fancy Mr. Dexter. Promise me that you will not go back to him until you have first consulted some person who is fitter to guide you through this dangerous business than I am."

I gave him my promise, on one condition. "If I fail to find the person," I said, "will you undertake to help me?"

Benjamin pledged himself to help me, cheerfully.

The next morning, when I was brushing my hair, and thinking over my affairs, I called to mind a forgotten resolution of mine, at the time when I first read the Report of my husband's Trial. I mean the resolution—if Miserrimus Dexter failed me—to apply to one of the two agents (or solicitors, as we should term them) who had prepared Eustace's defense, namely, Mr. Playmore. This gentleman, it may be remembered, had especially recommended himself to my confidence by his friendly interference when the sheriff's officers were in search of my husband's papers. Referring back to the evidence of "Isaiah Schoolcraft," I found that Mr. Playmore had been called in to assist and advise Eustace by Miserrimus Dexter. He was therefore not only a friend on whom I might rely, but a friend who was personally acquainted with Dexter as well. Could there be a fitter man to apply to for enlightenment in the darkness that had now gathered round me? Benjamin, when I put the question to him, acknowledged that I had made a sensible choice on this occasion, and at once exerted himself to help me. He discovered (through his own lawyer) the address of Mr. Playmore's London agents; and from these gentlemen he obtained for me a letter of introduction to Mr. Playmore himself. I had nothing to conceal from my new adviser: and I was properly described in the letter as Eustace Macallan's second wife.

The same evening we two set forth (Benjamin refused to let me travel alone) by the night mail for Edinburgh.

I had previously written to Miserrimus Dexter (by my old friend's advice), merely saying that I had been unexpectedly called away from London for a few days, and that I would report to him the result of my interview with Lady Clarinda on my return. A characteristic answer was brought back to the cottage by Ariel. "Mrs. Valeria, I happen to be a man of quick perceptions, and I can read the *unwritten* part of your letter. Lady Clarinda has shaken your confidence in me. Very good. I pledge myself to shake your confidence in Lady Clarinda. In the mean time, I am not offended. In serene composure I wait the honor and the happiness of your visit. Send me word by telegraph whether you would like Truffles again, or whether you would prefer something simpler and lighter—say that incomparable French dish, Pig's Eyelids and Tamarinds. Believe me always your ally and admirer, your poet and cook—DEXTER."

Arrived in Edinburgh, Benjamin and I had a little discussion. The question in dispute between us was whether I should go with him or go alone to Mr. Playmore. I was all for going alone.

"My experience of the world is not a very large one," I said. "But I have observed that, in nine cases out of ten, a man will make concessions to a woman, if she approaches him by herself, which he would hesitate even to consider if another man was within hearing. I don't know how it is—I only know that it is so. If I find that I get on badly with Mr. Playmore, I will ask him for a second appointment, and, in that case, you shall accompany me. Don't think me self-willed. Let me try my luck alone, and let us see what comes of it."

Benjamin yielded, with his customary consideration for me. I sent my letter of introduction to Mr. Playmore's office—his private house being in the neighborhood of Gleninch. My messenger brought back a polite answer, inviting me to visit him at an early hour in the afternoon. At the appointed time to the moment I rang the bell at the office door.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SPECIMEN OF MY FOLLY.

THE incomprehensible submission of Scotchmen to the ecclesiastical tyranny of their Established Church has produced—not unnaturally, as I think—a very mistaken impression of the national character in the popular mind.

Public opinion looks at the institution of "The Sabbath" in Scotland; finds it unparalleled in Christendom for its senseless and savage austerity; sees a nation content to be deprived by its priesthood of every social privilege on one day in every week—forbidden to travel, forbidden to telegraph, forbidden to eat a hot dinner, forbidden to read a newspaper; in short, allowed the use of two liberties only—the liberty of exhibiting one's self at the church and the liberty of secluding one's self over the bottle: public opinion sees this, and arrives at the not unreasonable conclusion that the people who submit to such social laws as these are the most stolid, stern, and joyless people on the face of the earth. Such are Scotchmen supposed to be, when viewed at a distance. But how do Scotchmen appear when they are seen under a closer light, and judged by the test of personal experience? There are no people more cheerful, more companionable, more hospitable, more liberal in their ideas, to be found on the face of the civilized globe than the very people who submit to the Scotch Sunday! On the six days of the week, there is an atmosphere of quiet humor, a radiation of genial common-sense, about Scotchmen in general, which is simply delightful to feel. But on the seventh day, these same men will hear one of their ministers seriously tell them that he views taking a walk on the Sabbath in the light of an act of profanity, and will be the only people in existence who can let a man talk downright nonsense without laughing at him.

I am not clever enough to be able to account for this anomaly in the national character; I can only notice it by way of necessary preparation for the appearance in my little narrative of a personage not frequently seen, in writing—a cheerful Scotchman.

In all other respects I found Mr. Playmore only negatively remarkable. He was neither old nor young, neither handsome nor ugly; he was personally not in the least like the popular idea of a lawyer; and he spoke perfectly good English, touched with only the slightest possible flavor of a Scotch accent.

"I have the honor to be an old friend of Mr. Macallan," he said, cordially shaking hands with me; "and I am honestly happy to become acquainted with Mr. Macallan's wife. Where will you sit? Near the light? You are young enough not to be afraid of the daylight just yet. Is this your first visit to Edinburgh? Pray let me make it as pleasant to you as I can. I shall be delighted to present Mrs. Playmore to you. We are staying in Edinburgh for a little while. The Italian opera is here, and we have a box for to-night. Will you kindly waive all ceremony, and dine with us and go to the music afterward?"

"You are very kind," I answered. "But I have some anxieties just now which will make me a very poor companion for Mrs. Playmore at the opera. My letter to you mentions, I think, that I have to ask your advice on matters which are of very serious importance to me."

"Does it?" he rejoined. "To tell you the truth, I have not read the letter through. I saw your name in it, and I gathered from your message that you wished to see me here. I sent my note to your hotel, and then went on with something else. Pray pardon me. Is this a professional consultation? For your own sake, I sincerely hope not!"

"It is hardly a professional consultation, Mr. Playmore. I find myself in a very painful position; and I come to you to advise me, under very unusual circumstances. I shall surprise you very much when you hear what I have to say; and I am afraid I shall occupy more than my fair share of your time."

"I and my time are entirely at your disposal," he said. "Tell me what I can do for you—and tell it in your own way."

The kindness of his language was more than matched by the kindness of his manner. I spoke to him freely and fully—I told him my strange story without the slightest reserve.

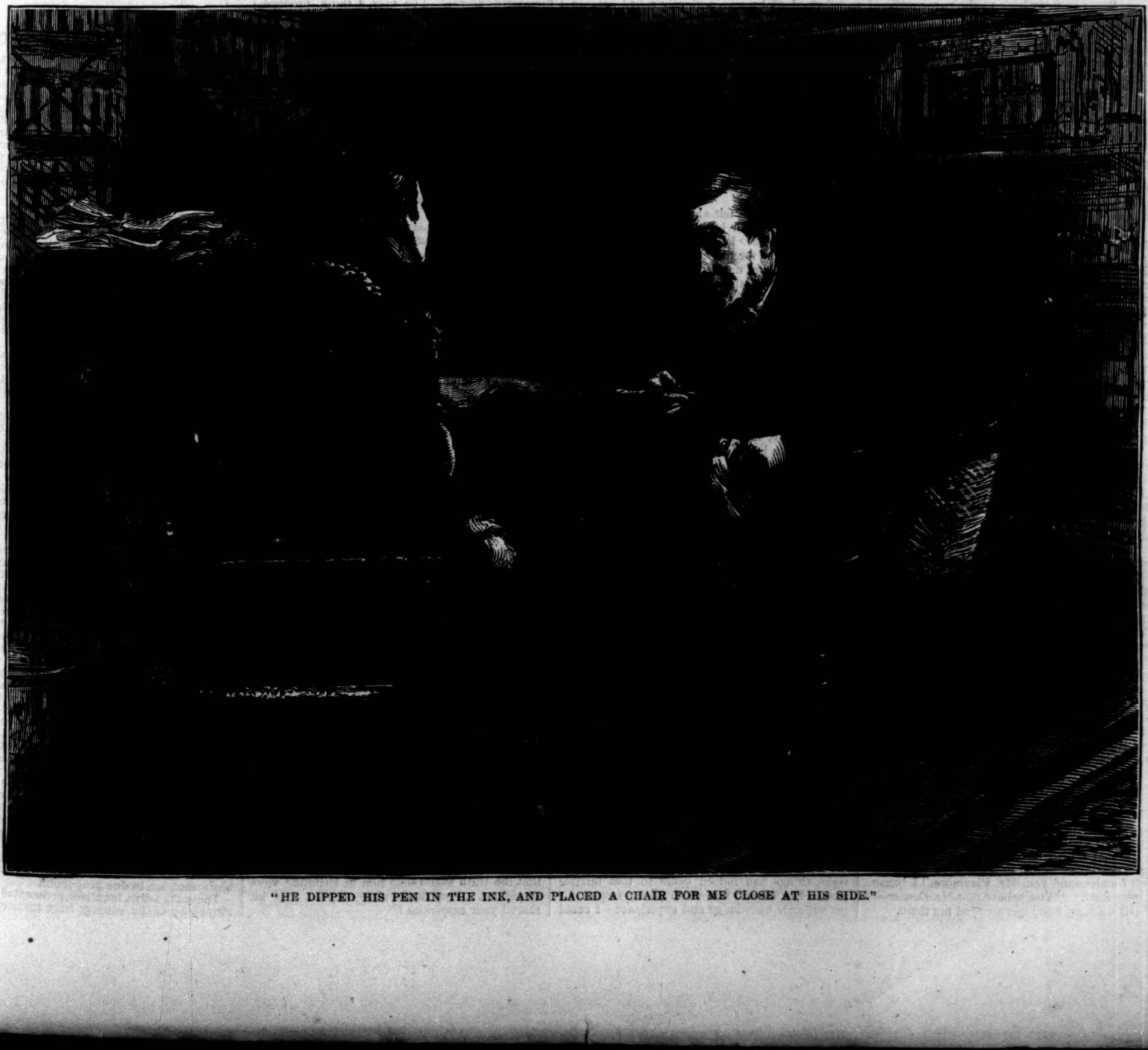
He showed the varying impressions that I produced on his mind, without the slightest concealment. My separation from Eustace distressed him. My resolution to dispute the Scotch Verdict, and my unjust suspicions of Mrs. Beauly, first amused, then surprised him. It was not, however, until I had described my extraordinary interview with Miserrimus Dexter, and my hardly less remarkable conversation with Lady Clarinda, that I produced my greatest effect on the lawyer's mind. I saw him change color for the first time. He started, and muttered to himself, as if he had completely forgotten me. "Good God!" I heard him say—"can it be possible? Does the truth lie *that* way, after all?"

I took the liberty of interrupting him. I had no idea of allowing him to keep his thoughts to himself.

"I seem to have surprised you," I said.

He started at the sound of my voice.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" he exclaimed. "You have not only surprised me—you have opened an entirely new view to my mind. I see a possibility, a really startling possibility, in connection with the poisoning at Gleninch, which never occurred to me until the present moment. This is a nice state of things," he added, falling



"HE DIPPED HIS PEN IN THE INK, AND PLACED A CHAIR FOR ME CLOSE AT HIS SIDE."

back again into his ordinary humor. "Here is the client leading the lawyer. My dear Mrs. Eustace, which is it—do you want my advice? or do I want yours?"

"May I hear the new idea?" I asked.

"Not just yet, if you will excuse me," he answered. "Make allowances for my professional caution. I don't want to be professional with You—my great anxiety is to avoid it. But the lawyer gets the better of the man, and refuses to be suppressed. I really hesitate to realize what is passing in my own mind, without some further inquiry. Do me a great favor. Let us go over a part of the ground again, and let me ask you some questions as we proceed. Do you feel any objection to obliging me in this matter?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Playmore. How far shall we go back?"

"To your visit to Dexter, with your mother-in-law. When you first asked him if he had any ideas of his own on the subject of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death, did I understand you to say that he looked at you suspiciously?"

"Very suspiciously."

"And his face cleared up again when you told him that your question was only suggested by what you had read in the report of the Trial?"

"Yes."

He drew a slip of paper out of the drawer in his desk, dipped his pen in the ink, considered a little, and placed a chair for me close at his side.

"The lawyer disappears," he said, "and the man resumes his proper place. There shall be no professional mysteries between you and me. As your husband's old friend, Mrs. Eustace, I feel no common interest in you. I see a serious necessity for warning you before it is too late, and I can only do so to any good purpose by running a risk on which few men in my place would venture. Personally and professionally I am going to trust you—though I *am* a Scotchman and a lawyer! Sit here and look over my shoulder while I make my notes. You will see what is passing in my mind, if you see what I write."

I sat down by him and looked over his shoulder without the smallest pretense of hesitation.

He began to write as follows:

"The poisoning at Gleninch. Queries: In what position does Miserrimus Dexter stand toward the poisoning? And what does he (presumably) know about that matter?

"He has ideas which are secrets. He suspects that he has betrayed them, or that they have been discovered in some way inconceivable to himself. He is palpably relieved when he finds that this is not the case."

The pen stopped, and the questions went on.

"Let us advance to your second visit," said Mr. Playmore, "when you saw Dexter alone. Tell me again what he did, and how he looked, when you informed him that you were not satisfied with the Scotch Verdict."

I repeated what I have already written in these pages. The pen went back to the paper again, and added these lines:

"He hears nothing more remarkable than that a person visiting him, who is interested in the case, refuses to accept the verdict at the Macallan Trial as a final verdict, and proposes to reopen the inquiry. What does he do upon that?

"He exhibits all the symptoms of a panic of terror; he sees himself in some incomprehensible danger; he is frantic at one moment, and servile at the next; he must and will know what this disturbing person really means. And when he is informed on that point, he first turns pale and doubts the evidence of his own senses; and next, with nothing said to justify it, gratuitously accuses his visitor of suspecting somebody. Query, here: When a small sum of money is missing in a household, and the servants in general are called together to be informed of the circumstance, what do we think of the one servant in particular who speaks first, and who says, 'Do you suspect *me?*'"

He laid down the pen again.

"Is that right?" he asked.

I began to see the end to which the notes were drifting. Instead of answering his question, I entreated him to enter into the explanations that were still wanting to convince my own mind. He held up a warning forefinger and stopped me.

"Not yet," he said. "Once again, am I right—so far?"

"Quite right."

"Very well. Now tell me what happened next. Don't mind repeating yourself. Give me all the details, one after another, to the end."

I mentioned all the details exactly as I remembered them. Mr. Playmore returned to his writing for the third and last time. Thus the notes ended:

"He is indirectly assured that *he* at least is not the person suspected. He sinks back in his chair; he draws a long breath; he asks to be left a while by himself, under the pretense that the subject excites him. When the visitor returns, Dexter has been drinking in the interval. The visitor resumes the subject—not Dexter. The visitor is convinced that Mrs. Eustace Macallan died by the hand of a poisoner, and openly says so. Dexter sinks back in his chair like a man fainting. What is the horror that has got possession of him? It is easy to understand, if we call it guilty horror. It is beyond all understanding if we call it any thing else. And how does it leave him? He flies from one extreme to another; he is indescribably delighted when he discovers that the visitor's suspicions are all fixed on an absent person. And then, and then only, he takes refuge in the declaration that he has been of one mind with his visitor, in the matter of suspicion, from the first! These are facts. To what plain conclusion do they point?"

He shut up his notes, and, steadily watching my face, waited for me to speak first.

"I understand you, Mr. Playmore," I began, impetuously. "You believe that Mr. Dexter—"

His warning forefinger stopped me there.

"Tell me," he interposed, "what Dexter said to you when he was so good as to confirm your opinion of poor Mrs. Beauly."

"He said, 'There isn't a doubt about it. Mrs. Beauly poisoned her.'"

"I can't do better than follow so good an example—with one trifling difference. I say too, There isn't a doubt about it. Dexter poisoned her."

"Are you joking, Mr. Playmore?"

"I never was more in earnest in my life. Your rash visit to Dexter, and your extraordinary imprudence in taking him into your confidence, have led to astonishing results. The light which the whole machinery of the law was unable to throw on the poisoning case at Gleninch, has been accidentally let in on it by a lady who refuses to listen to reason and who insists on having her own way. Quite incredible, and nevertheless quite true!"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"What is impossible?" he asked, coolly.

"That Dexter poisoned my husband's first wife."

"And why is that impossible, if you please?"

I began to be almost enraged with Mr. Playmore.

"Can you ask the question?" I replied, indignantly. "I have told you that I heard him speak of her in terms of respect and affection of which any woman might be proud. He lives in the memory of her. I owe his friendly reception of me to some resemblance which he fancies he sees between my figure and hers. I have seen tears in his eyes, I have heard his voice falter and fail him, when he spoke of her. He may be the falsest of men in all besides; but he is true to *her*—he has not misled me in that one thing. There are signs that never deceive a woman when a man is talking to her of what is really near his heart. I saw those signs. It is as true that I poisoned her as that he did. I am ashamed to set my opinion against yours, Mr. Playmore; but I really can not help it. I declare I am almost angry with you!"

He seemed to be pleased, instead of offended, by the bold manner in which I expressed myself.

"My dear Mrs. Eustace, you have no reason to be angry with me. In one respect I entirely share your view, with this difference, that I go a little farther than you do."

"I don't understand you."

"You will understand me directly. You describe Dexter's feeling for the late Mrs. Eustace as a happy mixture of respect and affection. I can tell you it was a much warmer feeling toward her than that. I have my information from the poor lady herself, who honored me with her confidence and friendship for the best part of her life. Before she married Mr. Macallan—she kept it a secret from him, and you had better keep it a secret too—Miserrimus Dexter was in love with her. Miserrimus Dexter asked her—deformed as he was, seriously asked her—to be his wife."

"And in the face of that," I cried, "you say that he poisoned her!"

"I do. I see no other conclusion possible, after what happened during your visit to him. You all but frightened him into a fainting fit. What was he afraid of?"

I tried hard to find an answer to that. I even embarked on an answer, without quite knowing where my own words might lead me.

"Mr. Dexter is an old and true friend of my husband's," I began. "When he heard me say I was not satisfied with the Verdict, he might have felt alarmed—"

"He might have felt alarmed at the possible consequences to your husband of re-opening the inquiry," said Mr. Playmore, ironically finishing the sentence for me. "Rather far-fetched, Mrs. Eustace, and not very consistent with your faith in your husband's innocence. Clear your mind of one mistake," he continued, seriously, "which may fatally mislead you, if you persist in pursuing your present course. Miserrimus Dexter, you may take my word for it, ceased to be your husband's friend on the day when your husband married his first wife. Dexter has kept up appearances, I grant you, both in public and in private. His evidence in his friend's favor at the Trial was given with the deep feeling which every body expected from him. Nevertheless I firmly believe, looking under the surface, that Mr. Macallan has no bitterer enemy living than Miserrimus Dexter."

He turned me cold. I felt that here, at least, he was right. My husband had wooed and won the woman who had refused Dexter's offer of marriage. Was Dexter the man to forgive that? My own experience answered me—and said, No.

"Bear in mind what I have told you," Mr. Playmore proceeded. "And now let us get on to your own position in this matter, and to the interests that you have at stake. Try to adopt my point of view for the moment, and let us inquire what chance we have of making any farther advance toward a discovery of the truth. It is one thing to be morally convinced (as I am) that Miserrimus Dexter is the man who ought to have been tried for the murder at Gleninch, and it is another thing, at this distance of time, to lay our hands on the plain evidence which can alone justify any thing like a public assertion of his guilt. There, as I see it, is the insuperable difficulty in the case. Unless I am completely mistaken, the question is now narrowed to this plain issue: The public assertion of your husband's innocence depends entirely on the public assertion of Dexter's guilt. How are you to arrive at that result? There is not a particle of evidence against him. You can only convict Dexter on Dexter's own confession. Are you listening to me?"

I was listening, most unwillingly. If he was right, things had indeed come to that terrible pass. But I could not—with all my respect for his superior knowledge and experience—I could not persuade myself that he *was* right. And I owned it with the humility which I really felt.

He smiled good-humoredly.

"At any rate," he said, "you will admit that Dexter has not freely opened his mind to you, thus far? He is still keeping something from your knowledge which you are interested in discovering?"

"Yes. I admit that."

"Very good. What applies to your view of the case applies to mine. I say he is keeping from you the confession of his guilt. You say he is keeping from you information which may fasten the guilt on some other person. Let us start from that point. Confession or information, how are you to get at what he is now withholding from you? What influence can you bring to bear on him when you see him again?"

"Surely I might persuade him?"

"Certainly. And if persuasion fails, what then? Do you think you can entrap him into speaking out? or terrify him into speaking out?"

"If you will look at your notes, Mr. Playmore, you will see that I have already succeeded in terrifying him, though I am only a woman, and though I didn't mean to do it."

"Very well answered! You mark the trick. What you have done once, you think you can do again. Well, as you are determined to try the experiment, it can do you no harm to know a little more of Dexter's character and temperament than you know now. Suppose we apply for information to somebody who can help us?"

I started, and looked round the room. He made me do it: he spoke as if the person who was to help us was close at our elbows.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "The oracle is silent; and the oracle is here."

He unlocked one of the drawers of his desk, produced a bundle of letters, and picked out one.

"When we were arranging your husband's defense," he said, "we felt some difficulty about including Miserrimus Dexter among our witnesses. We had not the slightest suspicion of him—I need hardly tell you. But we were all afraid of his eccentricity; and some among us even feared that the excitement of appearing at the Trial might drive him completely out of his mind. In this emergency, we applied to a doctor to help us. Under some pretext, which I forget now, we introduced him to Dexter. And in due course of time we received his report. Here it is."

He opened the letter; and, marking a certain passage in it with a pencil, handed it to me.

"Read the lines which I have marked," he said; "they will be quite sufficient for our purpose."

I read these words:

"Summing up the results of my observation, I may give it as my opinion that there is undoubtedly latent insanity in this case; but that no active symptoms of madness have presented themselves as yet. You may, I think, produce him at the Trial, without fear of consequences. He may say and do all sorts of odd things; but he has his mind under the control of his will, and you may trust his self-esteem to exhibit him in the character of a substantially intelligent witness.

"As to the future, I am, of course, not able to speak positively. I can only state my views.

"That he will end in madness (if he lives) I entertain little or no doubt. The question of *when* the madness will show itself depends entirely on the state of his health. His nervous system is highly sensitive; and there are signs that his way of life has already damaged it. If he conquers the bad habits to which I have alluded in an earlier part of my report, and if he passes many hours of every day quietly in the open air, he may last as a sane man for years to come. If he persists in his present way of life—or, in other words, if further mischief occurs to that sensitive nervous system—his lapse into insanity must infallibly take place when the mischief has reached its culminating point. Without warning to himself or to others, the whole mental structure will give way; and, at a moment's notice, while he is acting as quietly or speaking as intelligently as at his best time, the man will drop (if I may use the expression) into madness or idiotcy. In either case, when the catastrophe has happened, it is only due to his friends to add that they can (as I believe) entertain no hope of his cure. The balance once lost, will be lost for life."

There it ended. Mr. Playmore put the letter back in his drawer.

"You have just read the opinion of one of our highest living authorities," he said. "Does Dexter strike you as a likely man to give his nervous system a chance of recovery? Do you see no obstacles and no perils in your way?"

My silence answered him.

"Suppose you go back to Dexter," he proceeded. "And suppose that the doctor's opinion exaggerates the peril in his case. What are you to do? The last time you saw him you had the immense advantage of taking him by surprise. Those sensitive nerves of his gave way, and he betrayed the fear that you roused in him. Can you take him by surprise again? Not you! He is prepared for you now, and he will be on his guard. If you encounter nothing worse, you will have his cunning to deal with next. Are you his match at that? But for Lady Clarinda he would have hopelessly misled you on the subject of Mrs. Beauly."

There was no answering this, either. I was foolish enough to try to answer it, for all that.

"He told me the truth, so far as he knew it," I rejoined. "He really saw what he said he saw, in the corridor at Gleninch."

"He told you the truth," returned Mr. Playmore, "because he was cunning enough to see that the truth would help him in irritating your suspicions. You don't really believe that he shared your suspicions?"

"Why not?" I said. "He was as ignorant of what Mrs. Beauly was really doing on that night as I was—until I met Lady Clarinda. It remains to be seen whether he will not be as much astonished as I was, when I tell him what Lady Clarinda told me."

This smart reply produced an effect which I had not anticipated. To my surprise, Mr. Playmore abruptly dropped all further discussion on his side. He appeared to despair of convincing me, and he owned it indirectly in his next words.

"Will nothing that I can say to you," he asked, "induce you to think as I think in this matter?"

"I have not your ability or your experience," I answered. "I am sorry to say I can't think as you think."

"And you are really determined to see Miserrimus Dexter again?"

"I have engaged myself to see him again."

He waited a little, and thought over it.

"You have honored me by asking for my advice," he said. "I earnestly advise you, Mrs. Eustace, to break your engagement. I go even further than that. I *entreat* you not to see Dexter again."

Just what my mother-in-law had said! just what Benjamin and Major Fitz-David had said! They were all against me. And still I held out. I wonder, when I look back at it, at my own obstinacy. I am almost ashamed to relate that I made Mr. Playmore no reply. He waited, still looking at me. I felt irritated by that fixed look. I rose, and stood before him with my eyes on the floor.

He rose in his turn. He understood that the conference was over.

"Well! well!" he said, with a kind of sad good humor, "I suppose it is unreasonable of me to expect that a young woman like you should share any opinion with an old lawyer like me. Let me only remind you that our conversation must remain strictly confidential, for the present—and then let us change the subject. Is there any thing that I can do for you? Are you alone in Edinburgh?"

"No. I am traveling with an old friend of mine who has known me from childhood."

"And do you stay here to-morrow?"

"I think so."

"Will you do me one favor? Will you think over what has passed between us, and will you come back to me in the morning?"

"Willingly, Mr. Playmore, if it is only to thank you again for your kindness."

On that understanding we parted. He sighed—the cheerful man sighed—as he opened the door for me. Women are contradictory creatures. That sigh affected me more than all his arguments. I felt myself blush for my own headstrong resistance to him, as I took my leave and turned away into the street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Milne-Edwards invites attention to a project of a voyage into the South Seas in the interest of physical and natural science, and refers to the great interest attaching to the study of certain extinct birds of Madagascar and Mauritius, the island of Rodriguez, and New Zealand, and the importance of increasing the number of links by which the faunas of these respective islands are connected. He calls attention particularly to the island of St. Paul and Campbell Island as being least known, and likely to yield a rich harvest.

Professor **Gabb** reports continued progress in his geological and ethnological survey of the Tolamanca district in Costa Rica, some of the results of which we have already communicated to our readers. It may be remembered that Professor **Gabb** was invited several years ago by the government of Costa Rica to take charge of an investigation into the resources of the country, and certain reports of his operations from time to time have shown very satisfactory progress.

He has now accomplished the Tolamanca survey, and will probably extend his researches into other parts of the country, particularly that bordering upon the Pacific coast, his previous explorations having been confined to the Atlantic slope. With only four assistants besides Indian laborers, Professor **Gabb** has surveyed the entire tract, of about 3000 square miles, from the borders of civilization on the north, as indicated by the line of the railroad and the village of Limon, to the borders of Panama, and from the Atlantic to the crest of the Cordilleras; and this he has mapped out more accurately than any other equal area of Costa Rica has been surveyed, not excepting the section where the towns are situated.

He also gives reliable information and statistics about an agricultural country sufficiently large, fertile, and healthful to support the entire population of Costa Rica, but which as yet contains only 1226 Indians and twelve foreigners, of whom only one is white. It is watered by one river, which is navigable throughout the year, and which reaches within thirty miles of the most remote portion of a country valuable for agricultural purposes.

When Professor **Gabb** first visited this country it was in an unsettled and revolutionary condition, being insubordinate to the general government and unmanageable by its forces. Chiefly through his instrumentality, the region has been brought to a condition of tranquillity, and harmonious relations have been established, so that now affairs are as tranquil and peaceable as in any part of the state.

In addition to the survey proper, as referred to, information has been gathered in regard to the mineral resources of the region and its animal and vegetable life, immense collections of both, as previously stated, having been sent to the Smithsonian Institution for identification. Among the number are one hundred specimens of monkeys alone, while the other mammals, birds, etc., are in due proportion.

The exhaustive inquiries prosecuted into the ethnology of the country have resulted in very rich collections, which have likewise been forwarded to Washington. Numerous vocabularies, with several dialects, have also been obtained, which offer much of promise to the philologist. It is much to be hoped that Professor Gabb's inquiries may be continued, with Costa Rica as a base, until they include the whole of the unknown portions of Central America. His explorations in connection with the geological survey of California under Professor Whitney, with that of San Domingo, together with his thorough training in all the points involved in such researches, render him peculiarly competent to prosecute such inquiries.

The death took place, on the 6th of November, of Dr. Friedrich Rochleder, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Vienna, having been originally Professor of Chemistry in Prague, but transferred to Vienna in 1870.

The *Medical Times and Gazette* announces the death, on the 30th of November, of Deputy Surgeon-General Barclay, of the statistical branch of the Army Medical Department Head-quarters, Whitehall.

Professor Leitner, at a meeting of the London Anthropological Society held on the 30th of November, gave an account of a recent visit to Iceland and Greenland, and referred to his attempt to reach the east coast of Greenland from Iceland, which, however, was unsuccessful, as an impassable barrier was found to exist in a solid mass of ice at least 120 miles long, and reaching as far south as latitude 66° 2′.

The medals of the Royal Society of London have been awarded this year as follows: The Copley Medal to Professor Louis Pasteur, for his researches on fermentation and on pébrine; the Rumford Medal to Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, for his spectroscopic researches on the sun and on the chemical elements; a Royal Medal to Professor W. C. Williamson, for his contributions to zoology and paleontology, and especially for his investigations into the structure of the fossil plants of the coal measures; a Royal Medal to Mr. H. C. Sorby, for his researches on slaty cleavage and on the minute structure of minerals and rocks, for the construction of the micro-spectroscope, and for his researches on coloring matters.

The aquarium at Naples has, it is said, suffered severely by the attacks of rats, which not only destroyed or seriously injured the wood-work, but even cut the doors, and devoured a number of the animals in the tanks. In an attack on the octopus, one intruder got the worst of it, as he was caught by his intended prey, and nothing left of him the next morning but the bones and part of the skin.

Professor Huxley has recently proposed a new classification of the animal kingdom, founded on the phenomena of developments as well as of structure. He confirms the view recently adopted of the ascidian relations of the vertebrata.

An important step has been gained in the natural history of the potato blight. It is stated that Professor De Bary, of Strasburg, has detected the existence of "heterœcism," or an "alternation of generations," in the life history of the *Peronospora infestans*, the parasitic fungus which causes the disease. It is conjectured that the second form may possibly be found on clover.

Among the scientific serials not heretofore mentioned in our columns, but deserving of favorable notice, is the Cincinnati *Quarterly Journal of Science*, edited and published by Mr. S. A. Miller. Mr. Miller is a well-known palæontologist of Cincinnati, and very much interested in the identification of the fossils of Ohio and the neighboring States, and in this work he notices a large number of new species of various orders. There are also papers by other American naturalists, especially Messrs. Calkins, James, Newberry, Andrews, and others. Mr. Miller is deserving of great credit for his enterprise in initiating this serial, which supplies a want not filled by any of its American contemporaries.

Dr. Edward Smith, assistant medical officer of the Local Government Board in London, died in November last, at the age of fifty-six. He was best known for his numerous publications of a sanitary character.

Professor Hayden has lately printed a catalogue of the publications of the United States Geological Survey under his charge, filling a pamphlet of twenty pages.

A paper by J. A. Allen on the natural history of the region of the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone has recently appeared in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History. This is the substance of a report made to the Secretary of War on the collections gathered by the North Pacific Railroad expedition of 1873, under General D. S. Stanley, and of which Mr. Allen was the naturalist in chief.

M. Bertrand has lately been elected Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Science of Paris.

The Swedish botanist Ascherson has recently been exploring the flora of the Libyan Desert, having been attached for this purpose to the expedition of Rohlfs. Thirty-three species, belonging to 14 different families, were met with in the desert proper, i. e., at least an hour's journey from any of the oases or wells, the best represented orders being the Cruciferæ. Tygophylleæ, Leguminosæ, Compositæ, Borraginaceæ, Chenopodiaceæ, and Gramineæ. In the oases 92 species were found in Farafreh, 189 in Dghakel, and 225 in Khargeh, besides a number of cultivated plants; but many of the former had evidently been accidentally introduced. Very few of the species were new, and these were nearly related to species already known.

Sir John Lubbock has recently presented to the Linnæan Society of London some very interesting notes on the habits of bees, wasps, and ants, drawn from his personal observation. The results seem to negative the idea popularly entertained that bees have the power of communicating intelligence from one to another; also that the working bees have any affection for one another, or for the queen bee independently of the utility of the latter for producing new broods. Bees have a decided taste for color, distinctly preferring blue to orange. Wasps are (Dr. Watts notwithstanding) of more industrious habits than bees, performing a larger number of journeys in the same time. Ants appear to possess a distinct power of communicating with one another, but different individuals vary greatly in this respect.

The English edition of Sachs's *Lehrbuch der Botanik*, edited by Mr. A. W. Bennett, is expected to be issued in the course of the winter by Messrs. Macmillan, on behalf of the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

It is said that two departments for marine meteorology (storm warning and magnetism) are to be established by the Imperial German Parliament, and that the sum of $18,500 has been allotted to the government meteorological station at Hamburg.

A telegram from Hong-Kong, of the 16th of November, states that the *Challenger* had just arrived there from Australia.

Mr. Hermann Strecker, of Reading, with commendable punctuality, publishes the eleventh number of his work on the Lepidoptera. This is illustrated by one plate, thickly crowded with figures, as usual, and representing species of the genus *Catecala*. Of the twelve species figured, nine are new to science. He also gives descriptions of sundry species of *Catecala* under the manuscript names of Mr. Henry Edwards, their discoverer.

The death of Dr. Archibald Campbell, in his seventieth year, took place in London recently. Dr. Campbell is well known from his services as a medical officer in connection with the hill post of Darjeeling, in India, for a long time the sanitarium for the British army in Bengal. He also took an active part in the introduction of Chinese tea and of cinchona into India, and was a high authority in every thing connected with the geography, natural history, ethnology, geology, etc., of India and Central Asia.

According to the Atlanta *Constitution*, Professor Little, State Geologist of Georgia, has been industriously engaged in the prosecution of his labors during the past season, some of the results of which are the discovery of a bed of baryta, or heavy spar, near Alatoona, also of copper in Carroll County.

A paper has just been published by Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, in the Memoirs of the Boston Natural History Society, on the butterflies of the genus *Pamphila*, in which, after a critical comparison of American and European forms, he comes to the conclusion that, after all, there is no difficulty in distinguishing the common species of Europe from its nearest American relatives. Of American forms he describes eight species, three of them in this work for the first time.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

At the present time it is interesting to know that the subject of compulsory education has recently been brought before the Privy Council at St. Petersburg, Russia. From reports presented it appears that the number of common schools is far from increasing in proportion to the inhabitants. This is partly owing to the poverty of the peasants, who feel that they need all the service that can be obtained from their children, and partly because of the great number of saints' days and other holidays in the Greek calendar. It is stated in one report that there are about two hundred of these days in the year. A law has been projected which will make attendance at school compulsory for children from seven to eleven years of age, provided they live within two miles of a common school. The school year will vary from seven to ten months. The holidays are to be reduced in number, Christmas, Twelfth-day, Lady-day, Good-Friday, and the week following Easter being the only ones recognized during the school months. Unfortunately the proposed reform in Russia does not seem to include any provision for the training or payment of teachers—an omission which will practically frustrate its favorable working.

On the day before Christmas a black marble tombstone was placed over the grave of Dr. Livingstone in Westminster Abbey. The following lengthy inscription is upon it, in gold letters:

Brought by Faithful Hands,
over Land and Sea,
here rests
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
Missionary, Traveler, Philanthropist,
Born March 19, 1813,
at Blantyre, Lanarkshire,
Died May 1, 1873,
at Chitambo's Village, Ilala.
For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied
effort to evangelize the native races, to explore
the undiscovered secrets, and abolish
the desolating slave-trade
of Central Africa,
where, with his last words, he wrote:
"All I can do in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

On the right-hand edge of the stone is a Latin sentiment, and on the left-hand edge a passage from Scripture.

It is not worth while to use kerosene oil to thaw out frozen gas-meters. The result may be startling. A man living in Indianapolis recently found that his gas-meter was seriously affected by the cold snap. So he wound the end of a stick with rags, which he thoroughly saturated with coal oil. He then descended into the cellar, lighted his torch, and held it beneath the pipes and meter long enough to melt the lead near the connecting point. A lively conflagration immediately followed.

It is considered good engineering if there is no greater error than an inch or two in bringing together long drifts or tunnels. An absolutely perfect survey in difficult under-ground work is very rare. A Virginia journal states, however, that a young mining engineer in the employ of the Belcher Mining Company recently made what is termed an "absolutely perfect" survey in a connection between two drifts on the 1300-foot level of the mine of the company named. The distance between the points to be connected was 128⅛ feet. When the hole was made between the counter-drifts and the lines in each drift were tested, it was found that there was absolutely no error; the lines seemed one line, so perfectly true were they.

In the New York Normal College there are thirty recitation-rooms, three large lecture-rooms, a chapel capable of holding 2500 persons, and with seats for 1600 pupils, a calisthenium, besides rooms for instructors, president's offices, and janitor's quarters. In the model school there are twelve recitation-rooms. The two buildings are connected by a covered causeway.

There is a project in Rome for establishing a great public library. Several hundred thousand volumes have been found by the Italians in convents and in other scholastic establishments of Rome. It is thought that if these were united with the collection in the present Sapienza, or University of Rome, the number, exclusive of duplicates, would be about half a million of volumes. These books, however, are not of the kind to meet the wants of the Roman students in their literary and scientific education under the present system of instruction.

Near Fort Madison, Iowa, in the midst of a forest, is an orchard which produces apples of the finest flavor. According to tradition, these trees were planted about 1795 by a famous young Indian chief named Red Wing.

Perhaps serving rattlesnakes up for dinner may be as good a use as any to which they can be put: yet we doubt whether the reptile will become a popular article of diet. A scientific gentleman of Rochester received from a Southern friend a present of a large rattlesnake, about five feet long. He was sent by express, and was lively when he arrived at his new home. Apparently, however, his new master became tired of the pet; for after keeping him a while he had him killed, skinned, cooked, and served up for dinner. Several friends made a hearty meal of the flesh, and pronounced it very palatable, and similar to that of the common eel.

A splendid restaurant is about to be erected in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris—an addition which will be a great advantage to that popular resort.

"Aqua-puncture" is the name given to a remedy for neuralgia which has lately been introduced into France. It consists of a portable force-pump with a flexible tube, so constructed as to deliver a thread of water with great force. The point of the tube is held about half an inch from the painful spot, the pump worked, and the thread of water plays on the skin. A white vesicle appears where the water strikes the skin, and any number of punctures may be made in the skin, according to the extent of the pain. The operation is painful, but so is neuralgia, and the relief experienced is said to be great.

When Judge Tappan, of Ohio, applied for admission to the bar of that State, it is said, he was asked the following questions, to which he gave the answers as follows:

"Mr. Tappan, what is law?"

Answer. "An unjust distribution of justice."

"Mr. Tappan, what is equity?"

Answer. "An imposition upon common-sense."

No other questions were asked, and he was given a certificate of admission.

It is unseasonable, to be sure, to bring up the subject of mosquitoes in midwinter; but such an interesting theory in regard to these little creatures has just been developed that we think it would be cruel to keep it from people until next summer. According to the recent revelations of a physician, the mosquito has been shamefully abused, and instead of being a plague, should be regarded as a public benefactor. The mosquito was created for the purpose of driving man from malarial districts. Its presence is a warning; but if man will not heed the warning, what does this public benefactor do? Why, it injects hypodermically a little liquid, which serves a double purpose—it renders the blood thin enough to be drawn up by the hungry insect, thus affording him a good meal; and as this liquid contains the principles of quinine, a useful homeopathic dose is thus administered. Such a theory must reconcile every reasonable being to the slight inconvenience of what are popularly known as "bites," and should make us grateful for that considerate benevolence on the part of the mosquito in thus administering a preventive against malaria. It should not prejudice us against well-educated mosquito practitioners that there are some quacks among them who give overdoses, and don't stop to inquire whether or not the patient lives in a malarial locality.

One of the convicts—an educated physician—in the Oregon Penitentiary is said to have been detailed to perform the duties of prison doctor. He is always at hand when wanted, and saves the State a snug little sum.

Thomson calls "soft-buzzing slander" "silky moths that eat an honest name." Swift says, "The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at." Fielding thought "the slander of some people as great a recommendation as the praise of others." Douglas Jerrold calls slander "a winged snake;" Johnson, "the revenge of a coward;" Joubert, "the solace of malignity." Bürger wrote, "When the tongue of slander stings thee, let this be thy comfort—they are not the worst fruits on which the wasps alight." There are many who have given good advice on this subject. William Penn said, "Believe nothing against another but on good authority, nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it." "Those who without knowing us," remarks another, "think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination." "Calumny," says Leighton, "would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging."

The boot-blacks of London are a successful class. Their total earnings for a year have exceeded $60,000. Last year they contributed $6000 to build a "Boot-blacks' Home."

A French journal, *Le Temps*, gives the following directions for ascertaining whether red wines have been artificially colored: "Pour into a glass a small quantity of the liquid which you wish to test, and dissolve a bit of potash in it. If no sediment forms, and if the wine assumes a greenish hue, it has not been artificially colored: if a violet sediment forms, the wine has been colored with elder or mulberries; if the sediment is red, it has been colored with beet root or Pernambuco wood; if violet-red, with logwood; if yellow, with 'phytolac' berries; if violet-blue, with privet berries; and if pale violet, with sunflower."

In certain localities among the Alps the Swiss mountaineers produce a striking and beautiful effect of echo by singing songs in such time that the reflected notes form an accompaniment to the air itself. There are fine echoes in many places. At Ademach, in Bohemia, there is an echo which repeats seven syllables three times; at Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats a sound seventeen times during the day and twenty times during the night. An echo in the Villa Smionetta, near Milan, is said to repeat a sharp sound thirty times audibly. An echo in Fairfax County, Virginia, possesses some curious properties: twenty notes played upon a flute are returned with perfect clearness; but the most singular property of this echo is that some notes of the scale are not returned in their places, but are supplied with notes which are either thirds, fifths, or octaves.

Most houses are kept too hot for the beautiful English ivy to thrive in them—just as they are too hot for the people who live in them. Care should be taken also that ivies are not enfeebled by excessive watering. With moderate temperature and moderate watering, they will thrive whether the sun shines on them or not.

For eighteen years there has been in Sing Sing prison a woman who was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hung, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. At the time of her trial she was known as the "veiled murderess," as she kept herself closely veiled in court and in prison. She is called "Mrs. Robinson," but nothing in regard to her family is known by the public. It is said that the chaplain who attended her during her trial has always expressed a belief in her entire innocence; and it has been supposed that she has made to him some important communications under the seal of secrecy, which may be disclosed some time in the future. Be that as it may, she preserves a strict silence to the ordinary questioner in regard to her family history.

"Dionial" is the name of a carnivorous plant, a specimen of which was recently exhibited to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. A fly was captured and put upon a leaf, which instantly closed, and on re-opening, it was found that the fly was completely dissolved. A bit of beef was afterward consumed in the same way. The leaf was then fed with cheese, which disagreed with it horribly, and eventually killed it. The exhibitor explained that the plant's action was precisely similar to that of the human stomach.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Once upon a time there lived an old couple known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete patterns of conjugal felicity as they had formerly been of discord. A neighbor, anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the good-wife to explain it. She replied, "Me and the old man have got on well enough together ever since we kept two bears in the house." "Two bears!" was the perplexed exclamation. "Yes, sure," rejoined the old lady—"bear and forbear."

A glass of soda-water was offered to a country lad, who rejected it with the greatest indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water boiling hot?"

A celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked, "Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

A man meeting an acquaintance, accosted him thus: "Ah, Mike, who do you think I have just been speaking to? Your old friend Patrick; and faith he has grown so thin I hardly knew him. To be sure, you are thin and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

What is the difference between Handel and the grinder of a barrel-organ?—The one was a composer, the other is a discomposer.

Why are men-haters like mice in the West Indies?—Because they are mice-an'-tropical.

An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner: "Faith it's not two hours since that salmon was walking round his real estate wid his hands in his pockets, never draming what a pretty invitashun he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner."

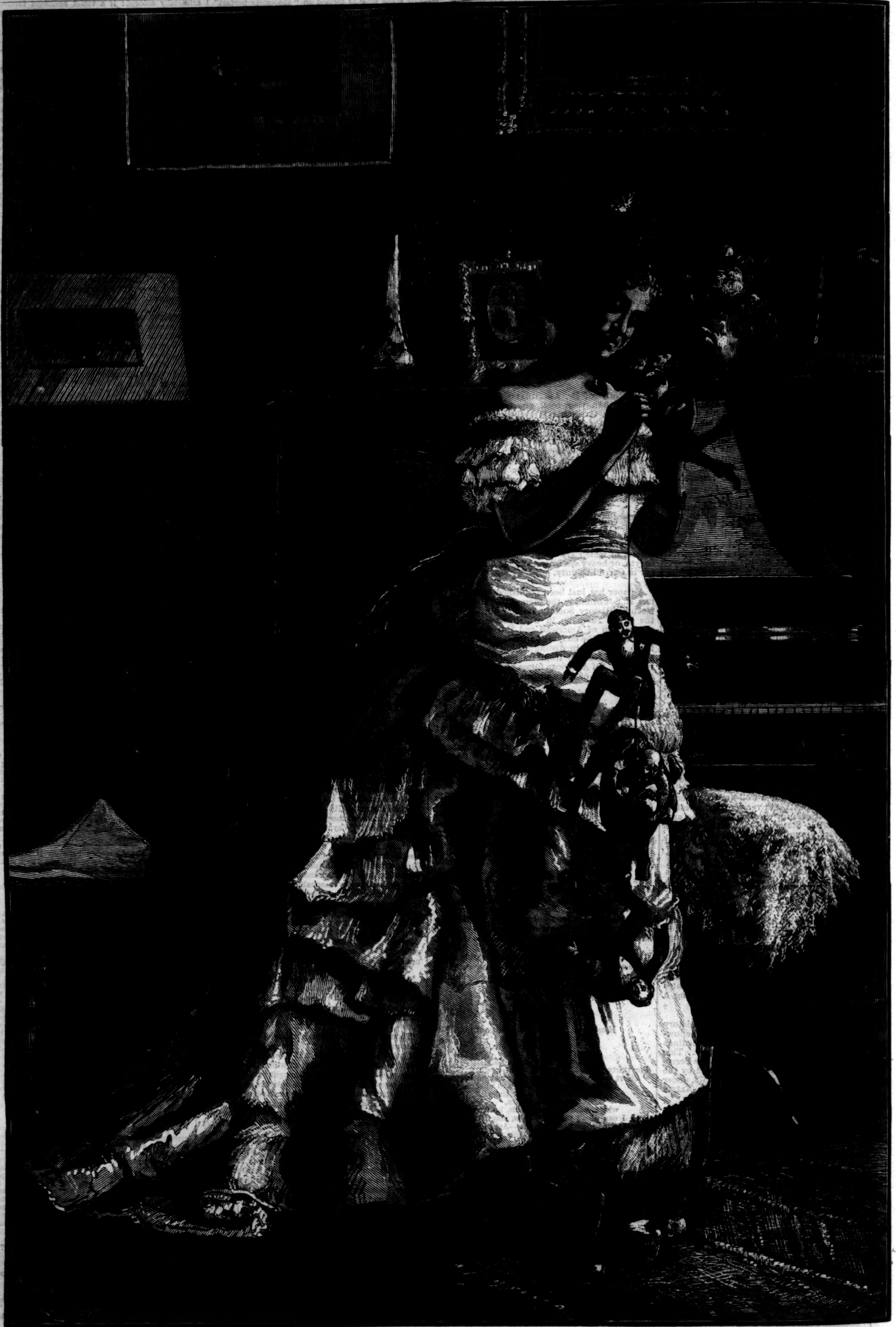
A somewhat verdant-looking individual called upon a jeweler in Montreal and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for the few past years, some seventy-five dollars, that he wished to invest it in something whereby he might make money a little faster, and he had concluded to take some of his stock and peddle it out. The jeweler selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new peddler started on his first trip. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweler one day asked him how much profit he obtained on what he sold. "Well, I put on 'bout five per cent." The jeweler thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much. "Well," says the peddler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your *per cent.*; but an article for which I pay you one dollar, I gen'rally sell for five."

A new "station" has lately been established in a growing town on the Troy and Boston Railroad, and a worthy son of Erin appointed as agent, with instructions to hang out the red flag whenever there were passengers awaiting the train. As the cars came through next morning, the engineer saw the flag out, and stopped. The conductor looking out for passengers, and seeing no one but the agent, asked him if there were any passengers to get on, when he answered with an honest "No." "Then why did you stop the train?" said the conductor. "Why," exclaimed the agent, "I thought somebody might want to get off!" That agent was immediately promoted to a professorship on a gravel train.

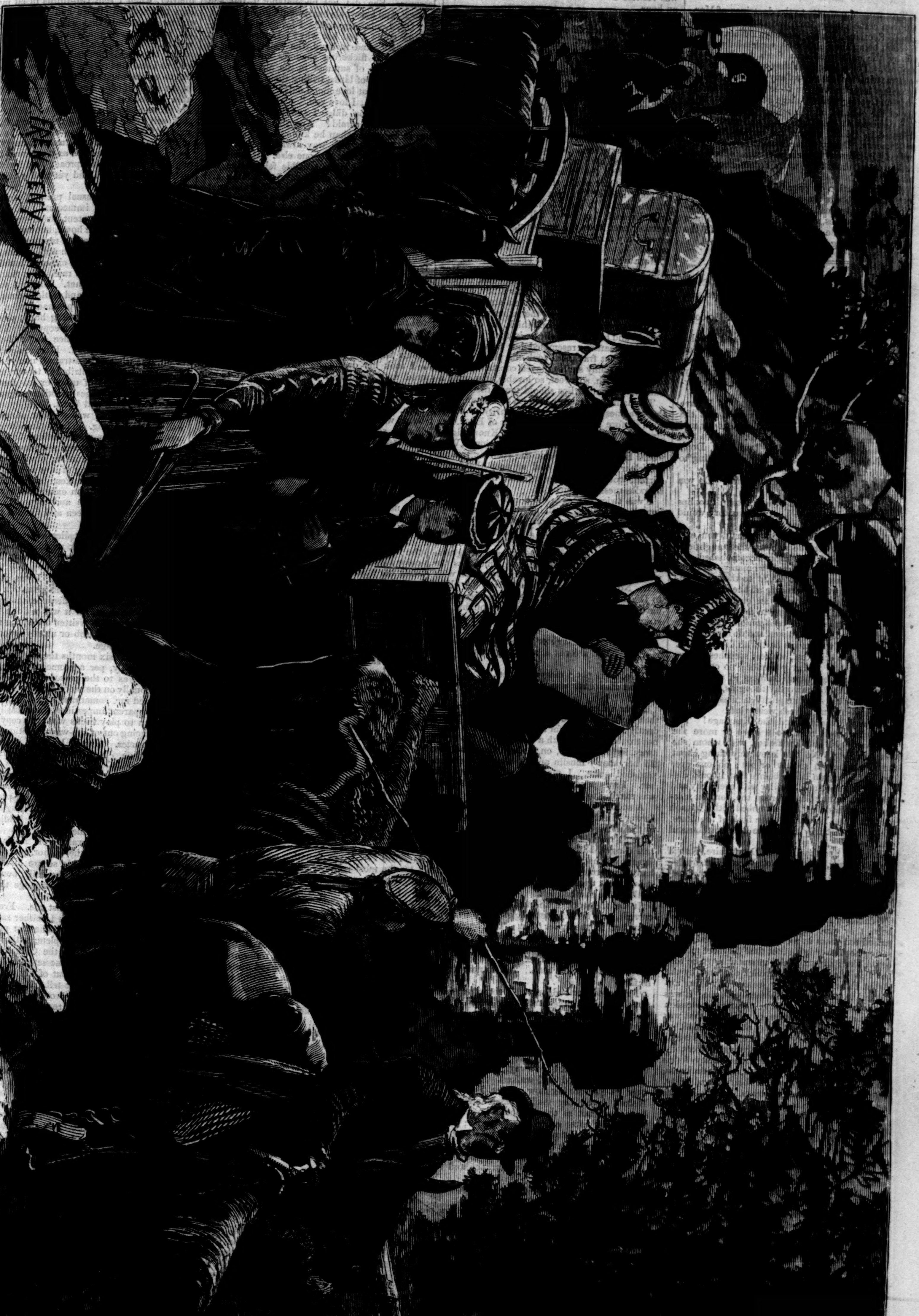
How many sides has a round plum-pudding? Two—inside and outside.

The young man who pays his addresses to dumb belles is in no danger of being discarded.

A little Vermont girl called at a drug store and said, "My mother wants ten cents' worth of jumps." This astonished the clerk. The child insisted that it was jumps she had been sent for, but returned to her mother for further instructions. Very soon she came back, and said it was hops that she wanted.



ON A STRING—THE LATEST CONQUEST.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]



MORMONDOM—A FRESH SUPPLY OF WIVES—GOING OUT TO THE SETTLEMENTS.—[SEE PAGE 98.]

FRESH SUPPLY OF MORMON WIVES.

The women converts to the doctrines of Mormonism come chiefly from the Old World, England, Scotland, Wales, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden being the fields most successfully worked by the emissaries sent forth by Brigham Young. For a long time they were glad to obtain matrimonial recruits of any age; but recently orders have been given to send over none but girls and young women, there being an oversupply of the old and middle-aged. These recruits are received at Salt Lake City, and thence distributed in "lots" among the various Mormon settlements. Many of the women appear to be entirely indifferent to their fate, while others bitterly repent their folly when repentance is too late.

Our illustration on page 97 shows the departure of a number of these recruits from Salt Lake City. An elder leads the train, and with a powerful voice intones a hymn, in which the others join, though none of them appear to be in the mood for singing.

A CONFESSION.

Confession implies wrong-doing, somewhere, by some one.

Confession should imply repentance. It does, when voluntary.

Repentance calls for forgiveness and absolution. Were I a Roman Catholic the question would have settled itself long ago. As it is, my confession is made to the great heart of humanity, whose charity is broad and boundless in proportion as its source is deep and pure.

Nature made me a gentleman. If I have proved a scamp, the fault is my own, and the penalty. No vicarious sin or atonement for me. Every man his own angel or devil.

To see Nora Blake was to love her. Don't talk about circumstances; they have nothing to do with the fact as I state it.

To see Nora Blake was to love her. Do you expect me to describe her?

"Item, two eyes and a nose; item, two lips indifferent red; item—" Any inventory would be as satisfactory as that.

Think of the handsomest woman you ever saw; the daintiest, the noblest, the haughtiest, the most gracious, the most accomplished, the wisest, the wittiest, the most womanly—in other words, the most loving. Add to these yet another charm, which, wanting all the rest, would make the plainest woman an enchantress—a subtle personality belonging to those rare spirits who, having the gift of recognition, discern the individuality of a human soul and do it reverence.

Every man was at his best with Nora Blake. Somehow the brightest, wittiest speeches always said themselves in her presence; no one could harbor, much less utter, dullness in the air she breathed. As for unworthy thoughts, they vanished before her absolute purity as miasma before the rising sun and a fresh west wind.

Conway Meadows and the Kearsage! The very names will recall to a score or more the fair young girl and her father, with whom she was traveling. No one knew any thing about them, whether in society or out; no one ever heard of Johnston Blake before that I could discover, yet he seemed familiar with every city and town in the Union, and abroad too, for that matter. If he hadn't "hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh glass to glass," it was only the fault of the times. He would certainly have done it three thousand years ago.

England and the Duke of Devonshire, Russia and the Czar, Napoleon or Victor Emanuel—it was all one to him; his relations seemed peculiarly intimate with all magnates, and his daughter Nora was queen regnant at the mountains.

Whatever Mr. Blake's experiences might have been, they were not his daughter's, for she had passed ten years in a convent at Montreal, never seeing her father in all that time till three months before their advent at the mountains. She told me this one day as we strolled together by the Artist Falls. There never seemed any thing unnatural in her frank confidence with me; it was as spontaneous as a child's; the free expression of a pure, guileless nature, to which all that was manliest and strongest in my own responded.

Her mother she could not remember, save as a fair vision in a setting of tropical flowers, intense color, long shady verandas, dusky forms flitting like shadows, tempest, thick darkness, and a swift-flowing river, all blurred and misty, like a half-remembered dream. Her own life and love had been bounded by the convent walls, where she had been taught thoroughly every grace and accomplishment of mind and body. Her soul was God's own gift, and blossomed in its fairness like any other great white fragrant flower.

Four times each year her father wrote to her, sometimes from one place, sometimes from another. Every year he sent for her picture, sending his in return. The day she was sixteen, instead of a letter, he came himself, allowed her fifteen minutes to bid good-by to the sisters and the only home she had ever known, whose gray walls seemed part of her daily life, whose matin and vesper bells she still waited and listened to hear as the days began and ended. He was satisfied with every thing but her toilet. Three days in New York rectified that, however, and Miss Nora Blake was adorned for conquest, without as well as within.

There had been no lack of money. It flowed like water. They had been traveling for three months as fancy dictated and the season suggested—a few weeks at Newport, as many more at Saratoga. Every where Nora's beauty and freshness had attracted attention to an extent that evidently annoyed her father, who, having lived without her very comfortably for ten years, was restless now if she was out of his sight for an hour.

If Nora Blake was a study, Johnston Blake was quite as much of a study, especially if you saw the two together. They were like the positive and negative of a photograph, all the lights and shades reversed.

The man puzzled, interested, attracted, and repelled, with his swarthy face, as if life had been passed under Indian suns—thick jet-black hair in clustering curls; flashing black eyes, impenetrable and penetrating; lips that rarely smiled; a proud reticence of manner, with an assurance that at times seemed a disguise for a restless, morbid dissatisfaction, cropping out occasionally, but repressed by a strong effort as soon as asserted. With the culture, polish, and elegance of a man of the world, thoroughly cognizant of its good and evil, it was impossible from any chance remark to identify him with any locality or individual that would tell his story. I remember even then the suspicion, vague enough, crossed my mind that his name was an assumed one.

Nora was as exquisite in her fairness as her father was pronounced in his shadows. Her golden hair floated in heavy loose curls, unconventionally enough for an artist's fancy, around a lovely Clytie forehead; to give a strange piquancy to the large gray eyes, the lashes were black and extraordinarily long and thick, the eyebrows straight and black, but delicate in their drawing; the other features resembled her father's when in repose, but frankness took the place of reticence, and sunny smiles played constantly about the rosy mouth, so sweet, so lovable, it seemed a fraud that no other lips should touch them.

The nameless grace and charm of womanhood, the sweetness and unconscious purity of childhood (before Innocence, the flower of Eden, has given place to Virtue, the fruit of Knowledge), aroused desire and silenced its expression. Who would have dared to break the spell or trouble the clear mirror of a soul so deep that, once stirred, would never again reflect heaven in its boundlessness and purity?

I was twice her age. We had been together four weeks, riding, walking, boating, dancing, singing, talking; nay, more dangerous still, we had been silent together. I knew she was fond of me. I knew her father trusted me—in part because of my age, in part because of my gravity and the utter absence of compliment, as the world calls compliment, in my conversation with her. No one else might have driven her alone to Diana's Baths; no one else unhindered could have walked with her alone by moonlight, and strayed, as we so often strayed, under the shadow of the elms.

"I know my daughter is safe with you, Dr. Horton. You are not a marrying man, I take it."

"No, I am not a marrying man."

Good Heavens! was the man crazy, or was I crazy?

It was a silent walk till we reached the woods; then Nora rallied me on my abstraction. "Evidently I did not care for her company; she would not trouble me." With a merry laugh she flitted away, light as a fairy, on through the woodland, till her snowy muslin and floating blue ribbons vanished quite. I made no effort to overtake her. I was pondering on the revelation my soul was making to myself.

A sudden cry made my heart leap. I rushed forward in the direction Nora had taken, guided by the cry, repeated, "Dr. Horton! Louis! quick!" When I reached the spot I found her not in any real danger, but standing on a log midway of the stream she had essayed to cross, when a plank had treacherously floated away, leaving her safe enough, but unable, without assistance, to return to the shore she had left.

It was the work of an instant to step into the current, take the frightened girl in my arms, and bear her to the other side. The burden was light enough in my arms, with hers round my neck, her golden hair touching my cheek, her sweet lips so close to mine.

I did not kiss her then. Ah, so near and yet so far!

I released her suddenly. I threw myself on the thick short grass, trembling in every limb. Great drops stood on my brow; my voice was hoarse and thick with passion and pain as I answered roughly her gentle, anxious questioning.

"Are you tired or hurt? I was too heavy. I am so sorry!"

"Go away, child, go away."

I had pondered as I walked. There was no need of questioning now. Yes, I loved Nora Blake: loved her madly, passionately, not as boys love, not as the fashionable society men, who flutter after every new butterfly; but as a man loves who knows what life is, who has suffered and sinned, it may be, but who has conquered and believes himself secure, learning day by day the lesson of patient endurance and silent expiation.

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

Heaven and hell! Those were the two pictures before my eyes, covered with my clasped hands, while my whole frame trembled and quivered with the thrill, the enchantment of her touch.

Her soft white hands were laid upon my head in the caressing way a child uses toward her pet kitten or bird when hurt; lifting the hair from my temples while she begged me to tell her her fault.

"Are you ill, Dr. Horton? Dear Dr. Horton, are you angry? I was not very much frightened. I called you because I wanted you. Nothing is half so nice without you. I like you so much all the time, I want you to like me all the time too, and not get tired of me."

"Tired of *you*, Nora!" The great gray eyes were close to mine as I raised my head suddenly. They read the story in my eyes that my heart would fain have concealed—the love and its hopelessness. She did not understand it, but she knew it, and her whole heart went into the words,

"Oh, Louis, why not? I love you!"

How could I tell her why? It was so sweet to sit there hand in hand, the water flowing at our feet, the flickering shadows on the grass, the fragrance of summer in the air, melodious with the song of birds, trilling their happy love!

"Do you not love me, Louis?"

"Yes, Nora, I love you."

"I knew you did. I saw it in your eyes. Why are you afraid? Are you poor? Papa has more money than he knows how to use. I am to have my own way always. Papa likes you too, better than any one else. He said last night he wished some sensible fellow like you would ask to marry me, instead of Linton and Shaw and Vestryke and the rest—fortune-hunters, he called them, and fast young men! He didn't think then how much I cared for you already, and that I should—yes, I believe I really have offered you my love, instead of waiting for you to ask for it in words. Your eyes asked plain enough, Sir! Not that it makes any difference, you know, who speaks first, only perhaps you will tease me some day when I am your wife. You must promise, though, never to tell: it is our secret. Dr. Horton was poor and shy, and oh! ever so old, and didn't dare tell the young, rich, and lovely Nora Blake that he loved her; so, for fear of two heart-aches, she was audacious and honest, and told him she would like to be his wife!"

I took her dear head between my hands, so cold and trembling, crushing the soft golden curls in my close grasp, as I turned the sweet face up to mine, and looked far down into the deep, tender gray eyes, so loving, so trusting, liquid with unshed tears. The sweet, tremulous lips, so soft and warm, returned the gentle kiss I pressed for the first time upon their dewy freshness. I touched her broad low forehead lightly, reverently, and closed the eyes whose gaze I could not meet, sealing them with a kiss of love and parting.

"Nora, I love you. I am not poor. You can not be my wife. Dear child, forgive me. Forget me, if you can. O God! my burden is heavier than I can bear!"

A gray shadow crept over the fair young face, the light went out from the soft loving eyes, the color faded from the rosy lips; like a lily on its stalk her head drooped upon her breast, and she sank helpless at my feet. I knew it was only faintness from the sudden shock. My professional experience told me it would pass and leave no sign on the perfect vitality of one so young and strong; but I felt like a murderer, and my "Thank God!" was earnest and fervent when the white lids first trembled, then opened slowly, and she murmured, "Take me home!"

Not a word was spoken on the way, which seemed to stretch out endlessly. We reached the house at last. The piazza was deserted for the late supper. I led her in to the door of their suit of apartments. She opened the door, and closed it after her without a word.

Have you ever seen a beautiful butterfly captured by a thoughtless child and roughly handled in his indiscreet admiration and eagerness, till the struggling captive, released, flutters with bruised and drooping wing? Its brightness and glory faded and crushed, never more to flit in and out among the roses in the sunlight, it is fit only to creep into the shade and die! Such was the change wrought in Nora Blake in one short hour.

And I? No explanation was possible. Better the most ruthless parting than the lingering agony of even another day to both.

I packed my valise, paid my bill, gave as my excuse a hasty summons from home, and caught the nine-o'clock stage, determined as speedily as possible to put myself face to face with the *why* I could not marry Nora Blake!

Look at it—the fair sweet reason why! The room is large and airy; the walls are padded, the windows barred. That naked horror crouching on the floor, whose only covering is her matted hair, who greets me with profane obscenity and drunken maudlin drivel—that woman is *my wife!* She has borne my name for ten long years, and will not die. Divorce? No, the law does not give it for such cause. Who shall decide—insanity the cause or result of intemperance? In bonds "for better for worse, in sickness or health, till death us do part."

For a year I struggled on. I did not go into society. I sought to dull thought and memory in work among the poor, the degraded, the outcast, but in vain. I was out of the world, but the world came to me, or rumors of it. I heard from time to time of the beautiful Miss Blake, heartless and cold as an iceberg, winning love for the sake of spurning it, revenging on the race the sin of one.

Poor child! I could not help her, could not save or cure her. God and time alone could do that, but I would put distance between us. I would not run the risk of a chance meeting and its certain pain.

I left New York abruptly for California, burying myself and my identity in the whirl and bustle of a new life, a new profession. Every thing that reminded me in any way of the past was distasteful. Loring, my old chum, was then editor of a daily paper, and worked more or less on a popular magazine.

The very drudgery of the routine work had a fascination for me. I accepted his offer as assistant, filling the position so acceptably to the proprietors that when Loring went East to be married, and finally decided to settle in the States, I took the whole work of the office on my shoulders.

The years rolled round till the past seemed like a dream, save for the hideous nightmare whose reality I was forced to remember every quarter, when I sent two-thirds of all my earnings to purchase silence and freedom from the sights and sounds that were acutest torture to me without giving any comfort to the poor wretch.

Her brother Gaston had solemnly promised, so long as I remitted regularly the sum agreed upon, not to communicate with me in any way except in the event of his sister's death—a far less probable happening than my own. Insane people are proverbially long-lived.

Nearly ten years had passed since that summer in Conway which had changed the current of my life, and given in return a memory at once sweet and bitter, as often as it recurred bringing with it a pang of self-reproach that I would have given all the years I had yet to live to feel honestly freed from.

There was an unusual press of work at the office, and I was in immediate need of a good copyist and a competent proof-reader. The work could be done at home, but must be prompt and reliable. I advertised my need.

From a hundred written applications I selected one who offered to do either or both kinds of work at an absurdly low rate. Not that I meant to take advantage of that. I always paid good wages for good work, and settled terms myself.

But the firm round penmanship, much like what we call an engrossing hand, pleased me, and was guarantee for the copying. The writer referred to the *Alta* office as proof-reader—a recommendation in itself. But the signature, after all, was what most attracted me. It was that of an occasional contributor to our magazine, and one that was of more or less frequent occurrence on the pages of other magazines and periodicals, East and West.

The name itself was singular, *Aron Kebla*—had a foreign tang. The topics chosen by the writer told nothing. Sometimes it was a fairy tale or a nursery rhyme, sometimes a political article, sometimes a rousing stirring lyric; again a tender womanly song of love and hope, a story of passion and pain, keen subtle analysis of German thought, or an exhaustive musical criticism. Always fresh and vigorous, the blade was trenchant and keen and wielded by a powerful hand.

I answered the application to the address given, stating the work required, the terms and hour for calling for and returning MSS. and proof.

Contrary to my intention, I was absent from the office when the work was given out. It would not have made much difference, though, if I had been on the spot, for it was a John Chinaman who called, with a written order, the man being either deaf and dumb or utterly ignorant of the English language.

For nearly six months the work was done well and promptly, per agreement, without any clew furnished as to the personality of Aron Kebla. Occasionally on the proof-sheets were queries that surprised me, sometimes suggestions so apt that their apparent impertinence was easily forgiven. I began to play tricks with the copy, purposely introducing out-of-the-way quotations with slight inaccuracies. Greek, Hebrew, or Sanskrit, it was all one. Not the least trivial error ever escaped.

About this time a remarkable article appeared in the *Advance*, in answer to one of the new lights of New York, with parallel passages from the *Anti-Jacobin*, exposing the plagiarism of the would-be learned writer, and holding him up deservedly to ridicule.

The signature was Aron Kebla. I determined to hunt up the author, proof-reader, and copyist, and if possible secure his services in a special department of the daily, now far beyond my ability, if I were to manage the magazine also.

The fates were against me. From the hour I formed my resolution I neither saw nor heard more of Aron Kebla. The last proof was returned by mail incomplete, without comment. No one could identify the Chinaman who had been the occasional messenger. Aron Kebla had slipped entirely out of my world. How it haunted me I can not tell. A vague something too absurd to put in words kept flitting before me, as elusive as a dream we vainly endeavor to recall, but which is ever just beyond our grasp.

I found myself growing morbid over it. I wandered over the city at odd times, in out-of-the-way places, in nooks and corners, in the vain hope that something would give me the lost clew. To excuse my own folly I resumed my old professional habit of charity practice after dark. I could afford to do it, for, spite of the steady drain on my income, my own habits were so simple that I had accumulated enough to afford to be generous of time and prescriptions, if not of money.

One evening, as I turned out of Dupont Street into one of those blind alleys that make a superlative of their positive filth and disreputableness, above the hurly-burly and din, the wrangling and profanity, characteristic of that God-forsaken spot, I heard a woman's voice, whose pathos would have thrilled me, aside from a painful sense of familiarity in its tone.

"Men, if you are indeed men with human hearts, spare me for twenty-four hours! My father can not live through the night!"

"Nuff that yer gammon! Seed that game 'fore now. Twenty-four hours!—time fur sick birds t' fly 's well's young uns! Bare walls don't pay no debts. Stan' 'side, purty un; sha'n't hurt ye. We're going arter th' ole cove an' the fixin's!"

Yes, I should have done it just the same had the woman been old and ugly instead of young and fair. As the ruffian was about to lay his hand on the woman's shoulder I stepped between.

"Hands off! What's the matter?"

"Gorra! it's you, Doc, is it?" (I was pretty well known in that quarter.) "Th' ole story—fine folks as thinks the world owes 'em a livin' 'thout payin'. I'm ruff nuff, but honest. I on'y want wot's mine."

"Leave it to me, Gallagher. I will see that nothing is taken away, and make a visit to the sick man too. You can trust me, surely?"

"All right, Doc, if yer say so. Haul off, Tim. Sorry, marm, special if ye're one of the Doc's friends."

The woman had disappeared without a word. I went up the crazy staircase, guided by some instinct through the strange dark passage-ways. A ray of light showed through a crevice. The door yielded to my touch. It was an incongruous sight. Without, all the filth and horror of a *cul-de-sac*; within, all that love could dictate and money purchase for the comfort and enjoyment of an invalid. Hot-house flowers and fruit, wines and jellies, every thing to tempt the appetite; lovely books and pictures; a cashmere dressing-gown and slippers on the luxurious arm-chair; and on the bed the whilom wearer, who, it needed no professional eye to discern, would never wear them more.

A face and form attenuated to the last degree, the skin wearing the ghastly hue resulting from habitual and excessive use of opium, thick white curls, a beard almost patriarchal in its silvery length, large black eyes that in life as in death held their own secret, impenetrable and penetrating. Ah, the clew was in my hands! So changed, and yet the same—Johnston Blake! Then whose the woman's voice? I did not turn. I could not. Thought was maddening. Did she recognize me? Were we two standing side by side once more? Was this our meeting after ten long years?

I spoke at last, quietly and simply, as though the dying man were John Brown, whom I had visited daily for a year.

"It will be over very soon—before morning, I think. He is not suffering."

"Thank you."

"Is there any one you can ask to stay with you?"

"No one."

"Then I will remain. You ought not to be alone. He may need more than you when the influence of the narcotic passes away."

"Thank you."

While I spoke I drew the arm-chair nearer the fire, and led the weary girl to it. She was too exhausted, too numb with fatigue, to do other than passively submit. I poured out a glass of wine and held it to her lips. She swallowed it with difficulty, and almost before the glass was replaced on the light stand she was asleep.

We three—the dying man, the sleeping girl, and one who watched and waited, endeavoring vainly to read the story of ten long years, so different, alas! in their speeding from all I had fancied! The face was changed, indeed, but the beauty was nobler than of yore. The Clytie forehead was the same, but the mass of golden hair was carelessly twisted and secured, as if to get rid of a trouble only. The roses had given place to lilies in her face, and the lines about the mouth told of struggle and victory. She too had suffered. How many chapters there were still for me to read!

The night wore on. The sleeper stirred not; the dying woke not. Fainter grew his pulse, feebler his breath. I closed the white lids over the staring black eyes, and straightened the cold limbs. An hour after midnight Nora woke. She said, "Is he sleeping still?"

"Yes," I answered, "till the great awakening."

There was no crying or lamentation over the dead. I fancied the life had been too hard for that.

There was nothing to be done till daylight, and those long hours—it seems impossible in the relating—but those long hours were spent in listening to a quiet history of the ten years since, in a great financial crisis, the bubble of Johnston Blake's colossal fortune burst, and he and his beautiful daughter sank once more beneath the tide of social life into the obscurity misfortune welcomes.

"It was the trouble and the real poverty that taught me to know myself. Every thing was given up to the creditors except a few jewels that had been my mother's. Their sale supported us for some time, oh, in *such* a very humble way! Then papa's health failed, and he—he needed so much. He had always been used to delicate ways and things. It was then I began to write, secretly at first, for I knew that failure would have mortified him afterward. I kept the odd name I had chosen, for in a sense it was my own. Papa came to San Francisco hoping to collect a large debt of honor. The disappointment was too much; after that his mind failed rapidly, but he never realized that he was poor, for I never let him want for any thing. He has not been out of this room for three years. Things weren't so bad outside when we came here.

"While he had it to give he was lavish to me. I was only too happy to work in return. I owe more to him than you can guess. His choice books we never parted with, and when—and when (it is useless to conceal what you must know)—when not under the influence of opium, he was very kind, and poured forth the wealth of his mind as freely as he had done his gold.

"He was educated at Oxford for the Church, but things went wrong. He ran away with my mother. They were never married. His family disowned him as well as her, and I—I haven't a friend in the world."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I must find some decent place, I suppose, and then I can support myself—at least, if I can get again the work I gave up when papa was so sick."

"That you can count on with certainty."

"How do you know any thing about it?"

"You are Aron Kebla. I am the editor for whom you have written and copied. I have been looking for you for three weeks. There is plenty of work when you are fit for it. After the funeral, to which I will attend, I will see that you have a suitable home."

"Thank you."

A quiet hand-shake, and we parted.

Was it credible that Nora Blake should not have recognized me?

As I waited at the Tahama for a cup of coffee I caught a glimpse of myself in the full-length mirror. It did not seem so strange after all. Ten years, a flowing beard, and gray hair will disguise any man. Then, too, she was absorbed and preoccupied, not looking for, much less expecting me, while I had never ceased thinking of her; and to have met her at last seemed only one more leaf turned in the volume of life.

Breakfast over, my office work claimed me till late. It was necessary to take out papers for the burial of Johnston Blake. The detail took time. It was midnight when I reached my rooms, still undecided whether to reveal myself to Nora, with the chance of her rejecting with scorn any assistance I might offer. Sooner or later she would discover the truth and shrink from me. Would she? Must she know?

No one in all California knew of my wife. Who were to busy themselves about us? If Nora loved me once, she loved me still. I would wait just a little while, and then we would speak of Conway Meadows. A woman forgives the man she loves for loving her not wisely but too well.

Henrietta Marston *is* dead to me. Twenty long years of bondage, and not yet free! Tied to the woman I hate! Yes. But as yet without sin. Offer the insult and stain of your love to the woman you honor and revere, and your life becomes a lie, her love a reproach.

Through the long silent hours I sat there in the darkness and stillness till the victory was won. Thank Heaven, it was won before, by the light of the early dawn, I saw on my table a packet that had been awaiting me. With a shudder of reluctance I broke the seals. I had recognized the superscription as Gaston Marston's, and dreaded lest the inclosure should be one of the dreary, wretched letters to be spared which I had sacrificed so much.

Was the devil playing me tricks? Was I awake or dreaming? Sane or insane myself? My wife was dead, and I—*I was free!* She had been dead three months; the letter had miscarried. There had been a glimmer of reason just at the last, and she had said, "Tell Louis I am sorry I have lived so long!"

I never was much of a praying man, but one great strong prayer went up into heaven as the sun rose above the clouds that skirted the horizon and dissipated the earth-born mists.

Oh, the sweet lovely home I would make for my darling across the bay on the hill-side! I had often pictured it to myself in my day-dreams, and now it was to be a reality.

After the funeral we put up the books and little things Nora wished to keep. The sale of the furniture paid the old debts, and I told her I had found a home for her with a widow lady who kept house in a quiet way. I was sure of good Mrs. Lord's fidelity and tact.

It was a quiet drive to Oaklands. I was too happy for words. My rose-bud was gently swelling, and its fragrance and sweetness would one day be my own. I would not hasten its blossoming by a single word.

Every thing was as nearly perfect as I had planned. After tea we strolled together under the shadow of the elms to the little brook that bubbled among the leaves with its own sweet song of love and gladness. The light had been breaking gradually upon Nora's heart and memory. I knew it as we rode in silence side by side, but I made no sign. We paused in the flickering shade, with the water flowing at our feet, as once before a stream had flowed on whose rippling waves the fallen leaves had floated out of sight less swiftly than our short dream of bliss.

Once more I took her hand. Once more the great gray eyes were raised to mine. "Nora, I love you. I am not poor. Will you be my wife?"

She did not turn away. The weariness and bewilderment had passed forever from her face, and in their stead a happy look of perfect trust and love crowned her with glory. Once more the golden curls lay on my breast, and the sweet tremulous lips, so soft and warm, returned the gentle kiss I pressed upon their dewy freshness.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY.

Sunday,	31.	—Sexagesima Sunday.

FEBRUARY.

Tuesday,	2.	—Purification B. V. M.
Sunday,	7.	—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Wednesday,	10.	—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday,	14.	—First Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday,	17.	Ember-Days.
Friday,	19.	
Saturday,	20.	
Sunday,	21.	—Second Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday,	24.	—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	28.	—Third Sunday in Lent.

If an abstract furnished by cable of **John Henry Newman**'s reply to Mr. **Gladstone** be correct, that distinguished writer draws a distinction between spiritual and secular obedience to the papacy. "If," he says, "Parliament should pass an act compelling Catholics to attend Protestant service once a week, and the Pope should forbid them, I would obey the Pope, not the law. If I were a soldier or sailor, and the Pope bid all Catholics leave the army and navy, I would disobey him in time of war." He confesses that some of his co-religionists have in past years "stretched truths until they were near snapping, and have done their best to set the house on fire, leaving others to extinguish the flames."

The Conference in Baltimore of Northern and Southern Presbyterians, held with the view to the establishment of closer fraternal relations, has been without result. The Southern committee demanded a farther withdrawal of those deliverances of the Northern Assemblies which have been displeasing to them. The Northern committee were unwilling to recommend to their Assembly to make any additional expressions. The proceedings, which were private, will, it is said, be given soon to the public.

Bishop **Colenso** left England for Natal on Christmas-day. He declined to preach for Dean **Stanley** in Westminster Abbey, for the reason that he did not wish, during the last days of his stay in England, to be an occasion of contention.

The Rev. **Leighton Coleman** has been elected Bishop of the new diocese of Northern Wisconsin, which takes the name of Fond du Lac. Of the bishop elect the *Church Journal* says: "If unflagging energy, wise conduct of affairs, and a devout life are the proper qualities to adorn the episcopate, we may well hope that the election will be confirmed, and the nomination accepted." The Rev. Dr. **Scarborough** will be consecrated Bishop of Southern New Jersey on February 2.

A curious blunder was committed in the cable dispatch announcing the deposition of Bishop **Martin**. It made him an English instead of a German prelate. The event was not unexpected, as the bishop is most violent in his opposition to the ecclesiastical laws of the empire.

In his Christmas address to the cardinals the Pope referred with much satisfaction to the recent conversion of the Queen-Dowager of Bavaria. "Is it not a triumph," he said, "to see a conversion to Catholicism of a personage in high position, and the many others who have followed the example?" The London *Times* mentions a report that the daughter of Baron **Werther**, the German embassador at Constantinople, has also become a pervert to Romanism.

In accordance with previous appointment, the committees of the Southern Presbyterian and the Reformed Churches met in this city on January 15 to settle the details of a plan of co-operation in Christian work. The departments in the conduct of which it is contemplated that the two bodies shall unite are missions, education, and publication. The committee of the Southern Presbyterian Church is composed of the Rev. Dr. B. M. **Palmer**, of New Orleans, the Rev. Dr. **William Brown**, of Richmond, the Rev. Dr. **Joseph R. Wilson**, of Columbia, South Carolina, the Rev. Dr. R. K. **Smoot**, the Rev. W. H. **Smith**, of Tennessee, General A. M. **Scales**, of North Carolina, and Major T. K. **Kirkpatrick**, of Virginia. The Reformed Church was represented by the Rev. Dr. **Ganse**, Rev. Dr. E. T. **Corwin**, the Rev. Dr. A. B. **Van Zandt**, Rev. Dr. A. G. **Vermilye**, the Rev. Dr. W. R. **Gordon**, the Rev. Dr. W. **Ormiston**, the Rev. Dr. W. J. R. **Taylor**, the Rev. Dr. P. D. **Van Cleef**, and the Rev. Dr. P. **Peltz**; Elders F. **Hughson**, W. J. **Bacon**, and S. R. W. **Heath**.

Among the valuable lectures delivered to the students of the Union Theological Seminary this winter are those of the Rev. Dr. R. S. **Storrs**, of Brooklyn, on extemporaneous speaking. He is himself an example of an eminent divine becoming an extemporizer at a rather late period of life, as it were, by accident. Occupying, during the repairing of his church, the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he was compelled, in addressing the large audiences there assembled, to dispense with the use of manuscript. The result was surprising and gratifying both to himself and his hearers. Dr. **Storrs** has since continued the habit.

Dr. **William Henry Furness**, whose elegant and various culture has given him a distinguished rank among American ministers, has been pastor of the Unitarian Church in Philadelphia for fifty years. Next to him in the long duration of his pastorate is the Rev. Dr. **John Chambers**, Presbyterian. There are but two Unitarian churches in Philadelphia, the second being in the suburb of Germantown.

It will be remembered that a seminary was established in England for the training of Roman Catholic priests to labor among the freedmen of the United States. Dr. **Vaughan**, Bishop of Salford, has recently sailed for this country on a tour of inspection through the Southern States.

The visit of the Shah of Persia has effected a change both in the externals and the spirit of Mohammedan life in his dominions. According to the Cologne *Gazette*, shoes are now worn by the followers of the Prophet, "the baggy trowsers are reduced," the face is shaved, and the style of attire is a mixture of the Oriental and European. There is less of the old fanaticism visible, and Christian missionaries have more liberty. Foreign residents from Europe are contracting marriage alliances with the daughters of Armenian Christians.

A Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America has been organized. The Women's Board of the Congregational Churches held its seventh annual meeting in Boston January 5. The receipts of the year were reported to be $67,419. This board has forty-nine missionaries under its care.

The Rev. **Charles New**, of the Methodist Mission in East Africa, reports that, despite the lately made treaty, slavery flourishes on that side of the continent as much as ever before. Under date of November 2 he writes: "The institution among the native population remains untouched, except as regards the open sale of slaves in the market. Any trader can sell as many as he pleases upon his own land, provided he surrounds it with a fence of some kind. Wherever I go I see and hear the same horrors that prevailed years ago—chained gangs, manacled and fettered individuals, the clank, clank, clank of irons, the grip of the stocks, the thud of the stick. The screams of the afflicted fall on the ear every day....Zanzibar is as well stocked with slaves as ever, and it is likely to be so, the circumstances being such as they are."

Father O'**Keeffe** has eighteen suits pending, all of which have grown out of the troubles over the Callan schools. An English paper suggests that a special act of Parliament be passed "for the double purpose of compensating Father O'**Keeffe** for the injuries which, partly by accident and partly by design, have fallen upon him," and of putting an end to protracted litigation.

The "Black Missionary" is the name given by Universalists to their advertised statement of doctrinal principles which is now seen frequently in the secular papers. The effect of this employment of printer's ink they report to be most encouraging. Small congregations of scarce a hundred persons have been increased seven and ten fold.

The Jesuits who have been expelled from Brazil sailed on the 29th of December for England.

The *Examiner and Chronicle* of this city says of the table of Baptist statistics for 1874: "It shows such an 'advance along the whole line' of bottom figures as calls for special recognition and thanksgiving. Our denomination throughout the United States has gained in the year 53 associations, 990 churches, 756 ordained ministers, and 127,632 members—making the present grand totals 943 associations, 21,510 churches, 13,354 ordained ministers, and 1,761,171 church members, of whom 102,496 were received by baptism the past year."

According to this same authority, the ratio of Baptists to the population of the United States was, in 1840, 1 to 30; it is now 1 to 23. This fact proves, what has so frequently been demonstrated, that in our country the growth of the churches in members outruns as to its rate the increase of the total population.

Strossmayer, Bishop of Bosnia and Sirmium, who during the Vatican Council was one of the most active opposers of the dogma of papal infallibility, but has since signified his submission, has been visiting the Pope.

The attempt to compromise the case of **Jenkins** against **Cook**, mentioned in this Intelligence last week, has failed. It will be tried in the Court of Arches, where the necessary papers have already been forwarded.

The Swiss National Council on the 14th of December voted on the "Civil Registration and Marriage" Bill. The minority denied the right of the Confederation to make civil marriage obligatory, but the Council voted against this view by 72 to 37.

Active preparations are already making for the holding of the next "Church Congress" of ministers and members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It will assemble in Philadelphia in the fall of 1875. It is expected that the bishop of the diocese will preside.

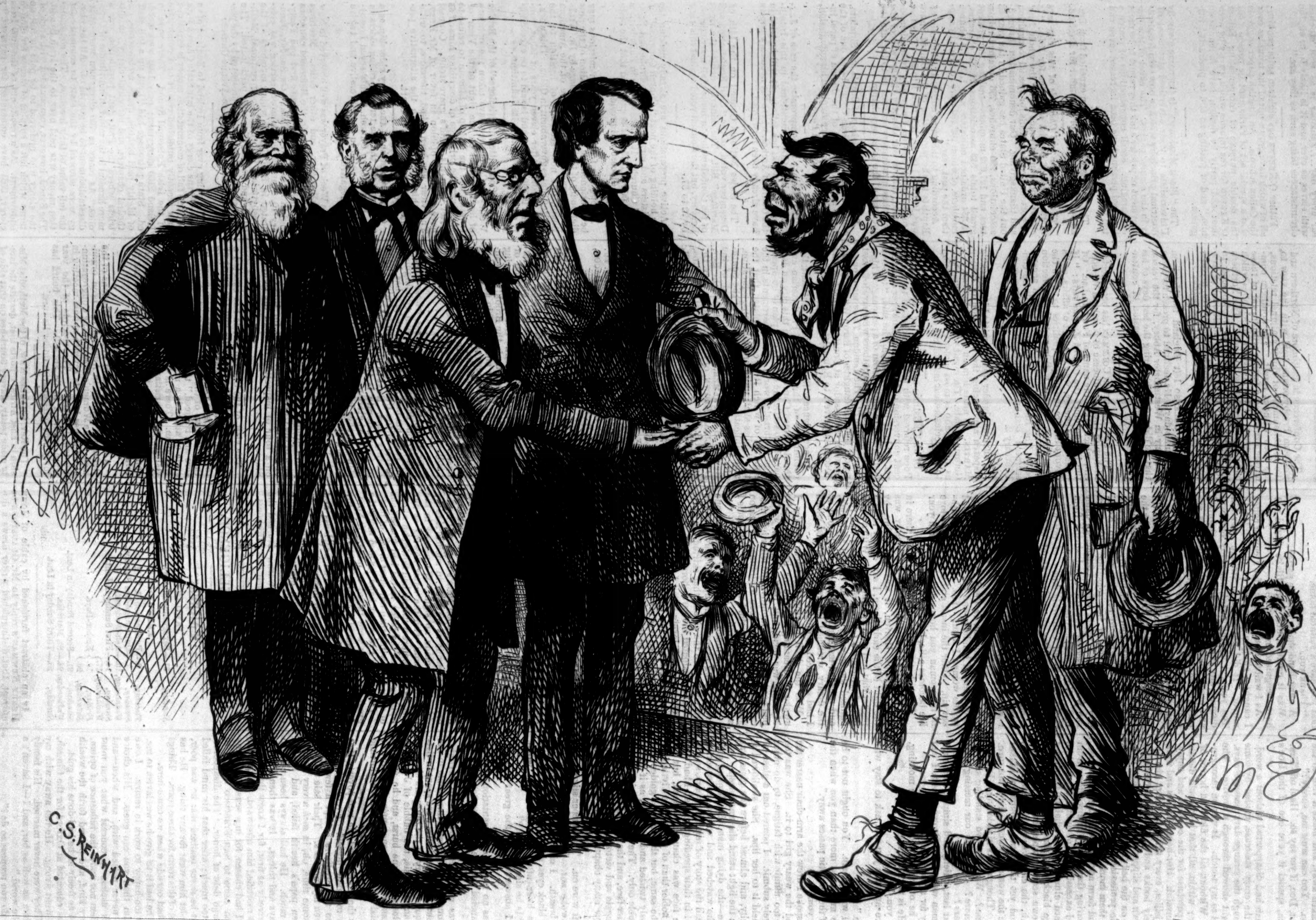
Among the fruits of Christian missions may be mentioned the recent publication of the new dictionary of the Chinese language by Dr. **Williams**, formerly in the service of the American Board, but now secretary of legation to the United States government in China. This work, now finished, after eleven years of labor, contains 10,940 articles, and is said to be exceedingly clear and copious in its definitions.

The "Committee of Privileges" of the British Wesleyan Conference have taken the opinions of legal counsel on the right of the Vicar of Owston and the Bishop of Lincoln to refuse to Mr. **Keet** the privilege of describing himself as "Rev." on his child's grave-stone. Counsel have given an opinion in favor of Mr. **Keet**. The vicar has been asked, therefore, to withdraw his objection, with the alternative presented of proceedings in court.

On the question of the rotary eldership, as a substitute for the life term of ruling elders in the Presbyterian Church, twenty-seven Presbyteries have voted in the affirmative and twelve in the negative.

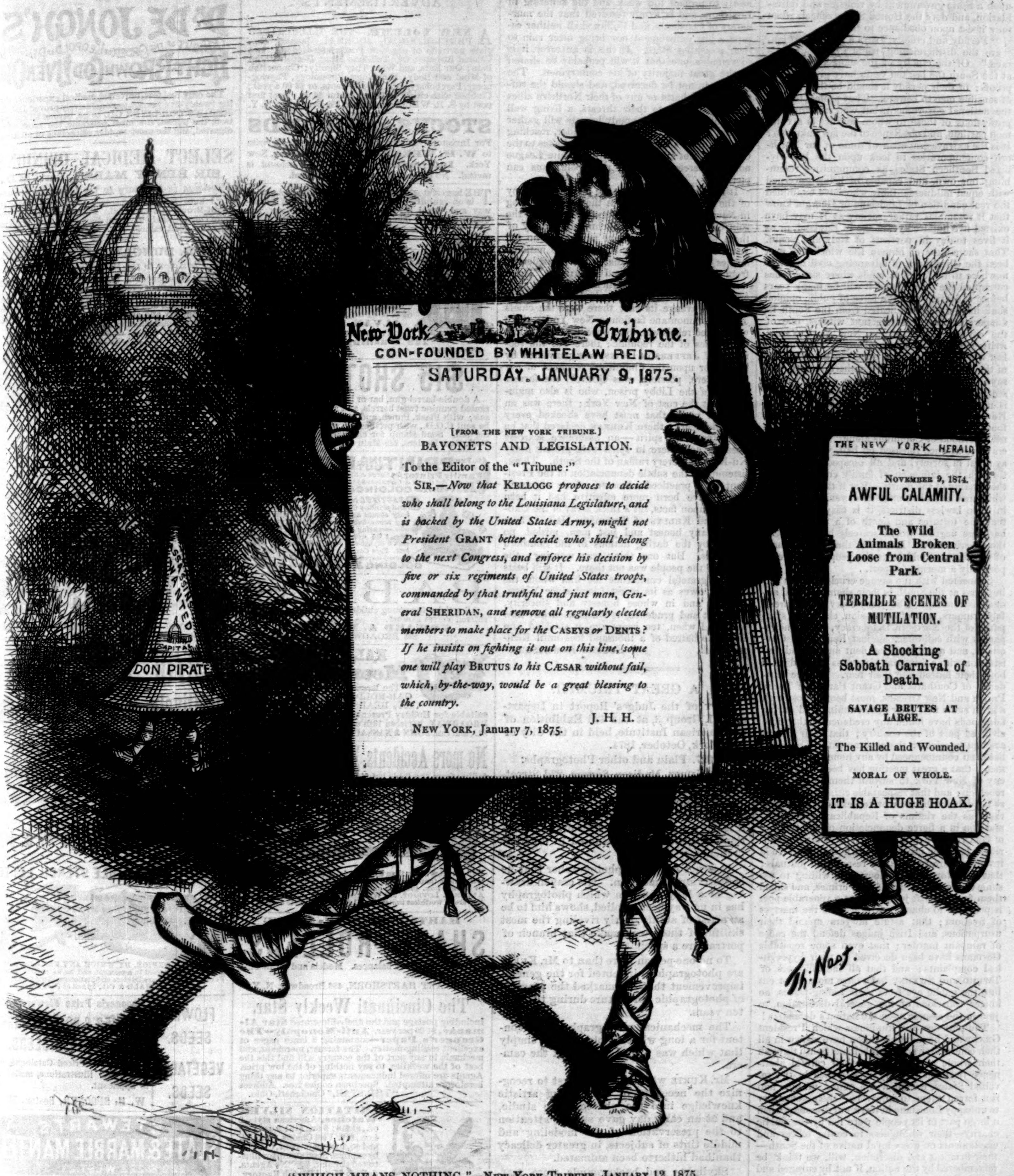
The Week of Prayer was well observed in New York, Brooklyn, and other cities. Meetings were held every day in the Reformed churches on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first and Forty-eighth streets, New York. On Sunday, January 10, a united communion service was celebrated in Brooklyn, in which members of the Presbyterian, Reformed, Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist Churches participated. The Baptists were principally represented by the pastor and members of the Lee Avenue Church.

The going over from Ireland to England of so many of the clergy of the late State Church with pockets full of commutation money is explained in a recently published report of a committee of the Irish Episcopal Synod. There were in Ireland 2160 clergymen; only 1400 were needed. State patronage had "kept up a full staff of highly paid bishops, deans, archdeacons, cathedral chapters, and parochial clergy" in districts where the Protestant population was a mere handful in the midst of multitudes of Catholics. As many as 760 clergymen were upon disestablishment to be got rid of. All the clergy were allowed by the state to commute for the full value of their incomes. The commutation money was paid over to the Irish Synod. The Synod, however, compounded with such of the clergy who preferred to be paid in full on terms which left a surplus of money for church endowment. As a result, out of the 2160 Irish clergy, 2061 have commuted for payment by the Synod, and 736 have taken the full value of their livings. There was paid to these last the sum of £1,146,579. The Church has as the beginning of an endowment fund the sum of £1,085,422. According to the Dean of Cork, there are still 300 clergymen over the number required in the Irish Church.



CONGRATULATORY.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART FROM A SKETCH BY W. H. CALDWELL.—[SEE ARTICLE, "PRESIDENT GRANT AND HIS ASSAILANTS," PAGE 101.]

PATRICK KELLEY (*loq.*). "Me worthy frinds, thrue for yez! Divil a bit more right has the Prisidint to interfare wid the byes in New Orleans than he had wid us here in '63. Faith, we're moighty encouraged to kill a Nagur this night. Glad to see yez, ould gintlemin, here; yez were niver wid us before."



New-York Tribune.
CON-FOUNDED BY WHITELAW REID.
SATURDAY. JANUARY 9, 1875.

[FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.]

BAYONETS AND LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of the "Tribune:"

SIR,—*Now that* KELLOGG *proposes to decide who shall belong to the Louisiana Legislature, and is backed by the United States Army, might not President* GRANT *better decide who shall belong to the next Congress, and enforce his decision by five or six regiments of United States troops, commanded by that truthful and just man, General* SHERIDAN, *and remove all regularly elected members to make place for the* CASEYS *or* DENTS? *If he insists on fighting it out on this line, some one will play* BRUTUS *to his* CÆSAR *without fail, which, by-the-way, would be a great blessing to the country.*

J. H. H.

NEW YORK, January 7, 1875.

THE NEW YORK HERALD

NOVEMBER 9, 1874.

AWFUL CALAMITY.

The Wild Animals Broken Loose from Central Park.

TERRIBLE SCENES OF MUTILATION.

A Shocking Sabbath Carnival of Death.

SAVAGE BRUTES AT LARGE.

The Killed and Wounded.

MORAL OF WHOLE.

IT IS A HUGE HOAX.

"WHICH MEANS NOTHING."—NEW YORK TRIBUNE, JANUARY 12, 1875.

ADVERTISING FOR AN ASSASSIN OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

PRESIDENT GRANT AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

TEN years ago the armies of the people were closing around Richmond, and amidst a general clamor of rage and despair from all the adherents of slavery and rebellion, the patience and the courage of GRANT and SHERIDAN were steadily sapping the last defenses of treason. No pretext had been left untried, no threats nor open defiance spared, to draw them off from their approaching victory. The opposition press teemed with calumny and detraction, and opposition leaders encouraged resistance at Richmond, and labored to stir up riot and disorder in the North. There were great meetings held to denounce General GRANT, to cut off the supplies of the army, to menace the administration, and to shake the credit of the nation. The most noted Republican journal of New York, under some occult influence, began to speak of compromise even to the perpetuation of slavery. There was doubt and even despair in many timid but still patriotic minds. Many noted opposition leaders now in office plainly desired the success of DAVIS, and the revival of that barbarous and cruel aristocracy which had driven the Southern States into a ruinous rebellion. A secret association had been formed, with agents in most of the Northern cities, pledged to excite a counter-revolution, and resolute to bring fire and the sword into the heart of New York or Cincinnati. There were threats of assassination, and men prepared for any desperate extremity. And the most bitter and dangerous foes of LINCOLN and GRANT were no longer the perishing and disheartened Confederates within the lines of Richmond, but their active adherents without, who labored to divert the nation from the support of its armies in the field. Yet one sure reliance General GRANT found never to fail him amidst the clamor and the calumnies of a thousand assailants: the people felt that he was their truest friend. They had watched his conduct with approbation; they gave their treasures and their lives lavishly to his support. Richmond fell amidst the acclamations of the working-men of Europe and America, the republic was saved, and the progress of the New World assured.

Never was a victory more generously used, or a fallen rebellion more tenderly treated. To the generous but misguided LEE and his soldiers the victors strove to seem only brothers in arms. No punishment awaited the most active and guilty insurgent; no painful retribution such as European governments are accustomed to impose in similar events. The nation turned at once to heal the woes of civil war by an unbounded charity, to feed the starving South from its own diminished resources, to build up its cities, to revive its trade, renew its productiveness, and to forget that a momentary strife had divided those who were still the members of a common family of freemen. Nor has this liberal and natural policy ever been departed from through the brief period that has fled so rapidly by since Richmond fell and GRANT restored the vigor of the republic. There has been a constant effort on the part of the general government to win the rebellious district to a better spirit by forbearance and almost excessive moderation. It has looked on patiently while a violent and mischievous minority in almost every Southern State has violated all the duties of good citizenship, and driven away knowledge, progress, and reform; it has been forced to see without redress the rights and lives of its supporters placed in peril from the Ohio to the Gulf; it has watched silently while "banditti"—for no name can be more appropriate to such deeds and such men—and troops of assassins for nearly ten years have covered Kentucky and Tennessee with deeds of violence, established a pure tyranny in Georgia, and filled Louisiana with a succession of horrors. In the latter State only has the government interfered, because there the rebels chose to raise the question of the right of the nation to interfere, and have made the case of Louisiana a test case for all the Southern States. For the points involved in this matter are exactly those that were supposed to have been decided at Richmond. Portions of the State, as General SHERIDAN plainly shows, have fallen into the hands of real "banditti." The ruffians of Shreveport seek to control the government. The Shreveport *Times* inspires their movements, and if the national arm was withdrawn, Louisiana would be an independent community ruled by the murderers of Coushatta or Grant Parish. In other words, the question raised in Louisiana is whether a band of rioters may seize upon a State government by violence and intimidation, and defy the United States officers when they insist upon obedience to the law.

"Perfidy and cruelty," says a great historian, "are the distinguishing traits of a barbarous race." Of the cruelty of the dangerous classes at the South the last ten years have given fearful proofs; of their perfidy it should be the first aim of sensible men to beware. They profess to obey the national government, but who can trust the professions of those to whom murder is a common pastime, and obedience to the law unknown? It is the extravagant error of some of our Northern contemporaries to look upon the less civilized Southern States as communities resembling our own, and capable of being governed with equal mildness; those who have examined the real condition of Louisiana or Georgia know that it resembles rather society as it may have existed five hundred years ago in England, or as it lives to-day in portions of Italy and Spain. That sacredness of human life which has ever been the chief mark of advancing civilization is nowhere to be found in lands where slavery has corrupted the people, and it will be many years before education and the force of public opinion shall have wholly eradicated from the South its dangerous class. A reluctant witness, one of the correspondents of the New York *Times*, writing from Columbus, Georgia, confirms at last what has often been stated in these articles of the painful condition of Southern society, and says, "In Georgia and Alabama, at least in that section bordering on the Chattahoochee River, it is not usual to keep a white murderer in jail." He adds that within the past eighteen months fourteen white men have been murdered in the neighborhood of Columbus alone. The murderers were at once released on bail, were received as usual in society, and all escaped punishment through the influence of family connections or the venality of the courts. But if the murder of white men is looked upon as so venial an offense in these lawless districts, it is easy to conceive that the tortures and death of a multitude of harmless negroes would scarcely be noticed by the superior race. It is plain that the massacre of Coushatta would be to the people of Shreveport only a morning's sport.

Connected with the savage cruelty of this ruling class at the South is their shameless and audacious cunning. They deny every thing, spread false rumors, talk of oppression, claim the sympathy of the Northern Democracy, fill the newspapers with calumnies against Republican Governors, and assail the President and the administration with a ferocious bitterness that indicates both their hatred and their fear. Yet the murderers of Coushatta and Grant Parish, of Teche Parish and New Orleans, must hear almost with a grim smile that their rude cunning and daring falsehoods have found any credence in the more civilized part of the country; that their violent attempt to seize on the government of Louisiana has been countenanced by any honest or humane men; that a great meeting has been held in the city of New York to sustain them in their new rebellion; and that respectable citizens have been so far deluded by their pretenses as to look upon them as the victims of Republican oppression, and join in a fierce denunciation of the tyranny of GRANT and SHERIDAN. With what peals of ribald laughter must they learn that their rude inventions are repeated by respectable journals; that the Northern Democracy is willing to assume the responsibility of their crimes, and shield them from a swift justice; that a venerable poet is prepared to chant their praises as the martyrs of freedom; that astute lawyers uphold their usurpations, and Irish judges defend the cause of rampant murder; that even some reputable Germans have been deceived by their hypocritical complaints; and that all the followers of TWEED and SWEENY have once more crept out into the public eye from their hiding-places, no longer conscious of the general detestation, to join in the assault upon the nation's defenders!

The patience and kindliness which President GRANT and his administration have shown in all their conduct toward the rebellious South through their whole term of office—their careful abstinence from all military interference in the revolted States, except where actual murder and riot forced them to intervene—their generosity to unhappy Louisiana in its recent disasters, when a large part of its people were fed by the public charity—their willingness to confer offices and emoluments on every loyal native of the South—their firmness and discretion, will, we think, be remembered by the nation, if not by enraged and rival politicians; and it is certain that the judgment of future ages will decide that no policy could have been devised more likely to heal the wounds of the suffering section than those plans of education and internal improvement which Republican legislators have impressed deeply upon the Southern States. In response to this lenient treatment, what return have the Republican party and President GRANT received? Future ages will hear with shame and sorrow the reply. His life is openly threatened by the assassins of the South whom he has striven to tame and subdue. A journal in New-York plainly demands his assassination. He is called tyrant or dictator, and assailed with all the ribald terms the White League of the South or their Northern allies can devise. He on whose life once rested the fate of freedom before Richmond, whose arm saved the nation in the midst of a thousand foes, who is the defender of the rights of the workingmen of every land, is now assailed once more by the terrible minions of slavery at home and abroad, and by their deluded followers at the North and the South. At the recent meeting in New York, when GRANT's name was mentioned, there was a cry, "Hang him!" "Hang him!" And grave men sat looking on, and made no remonstrance! And for what? Why do they seek his life? Because he has labored earnestly to protect the weak and the suffering in Louisiana, and is firmly resolved that the murderers of Coushatta and Colfax shall neither escape a just punishment nor bring utter ruin to their perishing State. If this is an error, it is so venial a one that it will probably be shared by the great majority of his countrymen. The people can not be deceived, and should the ruffians of Coushatta or any of their Northern allies proceed to execute their threats, a living wall of faithful hearts and manly breasts will gather around their country's chief defender, reaching from Maine to Oregon, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, that not all the rage of the White League nor the fiercest shafts of rival politicians can pierce.

It is instructive to review the histories of many of the men who gathered at the recent meeting in New York to assail the fame and threaten the ruin of the conqueror of Richmond. Many of them were the same violent partisans who ten years ago were laboring to starve the national armies in the field and snatch the Confederacy from the grasp of GRANT and SHERIDAN. There were noted reactionary politicians to whom slavery was once dear, and who had now come together to avenge its fall; there were the chiefs of the ultramontane faction in New York; there were noted rebels who were once fighting against the armies of the republic; there was the secretary of JEFFERSON DAVIS, now pensioned by its Mayor upon the diminished revenues of our city; there, possibly, was QUINCY, the former keeper of the Libby prison, who is also maintained at the cost of New York; there was an array of much that must have shocked every patriotic heart; there KERNAN declared that he was present in spirit—an assurance scarcely needed; and there in spirit were present every Ku-Klux and every ruffian of the South. There, listening to the subtle denunciation of the President by a practiced advocate, whose argument would have been more effective had it been founded upon facts, sat a thick array of the CROKERS and KELLYS of Tammany Hall. There were many honest and just men, misled, no doubt, by the daring fictions of the Southern Leaguers. But one thing was wanting: the heart of the people was not there. It still beats full of grateful confidence for him whom the country owns as its truest friend since WASHINGTON, and in whose honesty and sincerity, foresight and prudence, it trusts as firmly now as it did when, ten years ago, it shielded him from the hatred of a thousand foes until Richmond fell.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A GREAT TRIUMPH.

COPY of the Judges' Report in Department I, Group 3, at the 43d Exhibition of the American Institute, held in the City of New York, October, 1874.

No. 627. Plain and other Photographs.

WM. KURTZ, Madison Square, 23d Street, New York.

The photographs exhibited by this artist are the best produced in this country, and it is but a repetition of former praise to particularize the success attained in different branches.

It is not only as a photographer that he is deserving of mention. His crayon drawing of a lady, No. 4, in which photography has in no way been applied, shows him to be an artist of ability, fairly rivaling the most skillful of those who make that branch of portraiture a specialty.

To no one person more than to Mr. KURTZ are photographers indebted for the general improvement that has marked the progress of photographic portraiture during the past ten years.

The mechanical photographer was content for a long while to photograph simply that which was placed in front of the camera.

Mr. KURTZ was among the first to recognize the necessity of introducing artistic knowledge into the photographic studio, and at an early day gave special attention to the preservation of the modeling and middle tints of subjects, in greater delicacy than had hitherto been animated.

Skylights and backgrounds were rearranged, and he gave an impetus to the improvement of many details in his profession, all of which were sooner or later adopted by his fellow photographers.

In the present exhibition, among other improvements is a very important one, in which there is given to the figure and the accessories of the picture bold relief from the background, thereby introducing qualities of perspective entirely new to this branch of photography.

In consideration of his continued success, and the fact that he is constantly striving to raise photography, with its limited capabilities, toward the more perfect art of the portrait-painter, we would respectfully suggest the award of the Medal of Taste.

The Medal of Taste awarded.

CHAS. WAGER HULL, General Supt.,
per JOHN W. CHAMBERS.
Chairman of the Jury, GEORGE BAKER.

[*Com.*

"NASAL CATARRH.—A new edition of Dr. WILLIAMSON's pamphlet is now ready. Persons desiring it address him, enclosing stamp, 28 E. 20th St., N.Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW VOLUME.—THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, January No., gives portraits of our new Postmaster-General; two Colored Bishops; Our Tell-Tale Lips; Death without Pain; Our Ears, and What They Signify; Connection of Mind and Body; Ethnology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Psychology, &c. Only 30 cents, or $3 00 a year; Clubbed with either of HARPER's for $6 00. Sent first post by S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

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ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
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Special price to dealers.

$15 SHOT GUN.

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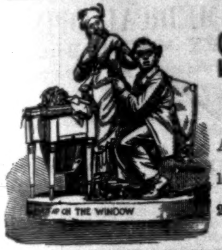

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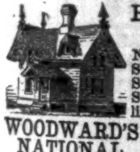

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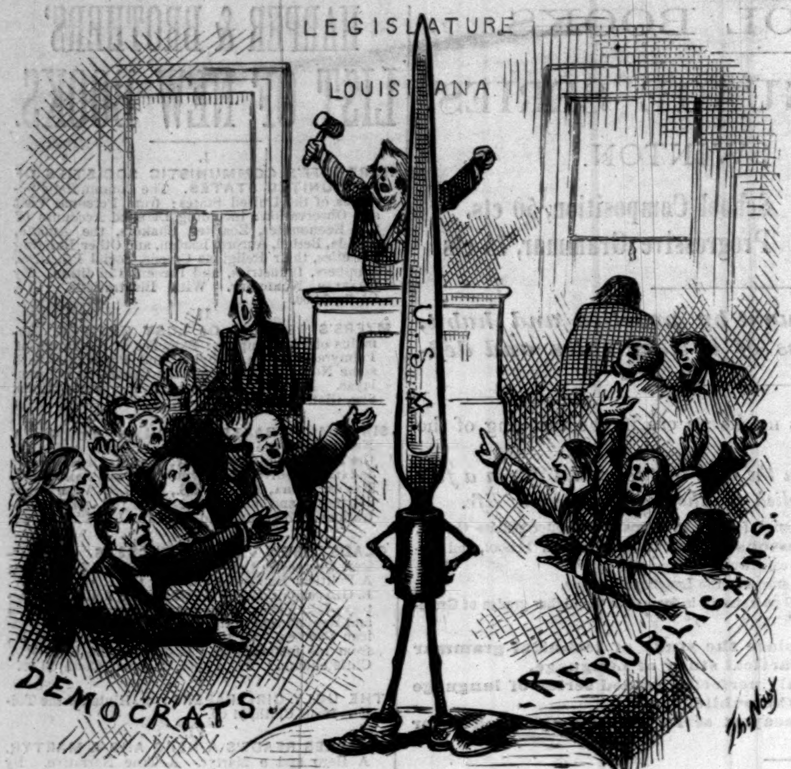

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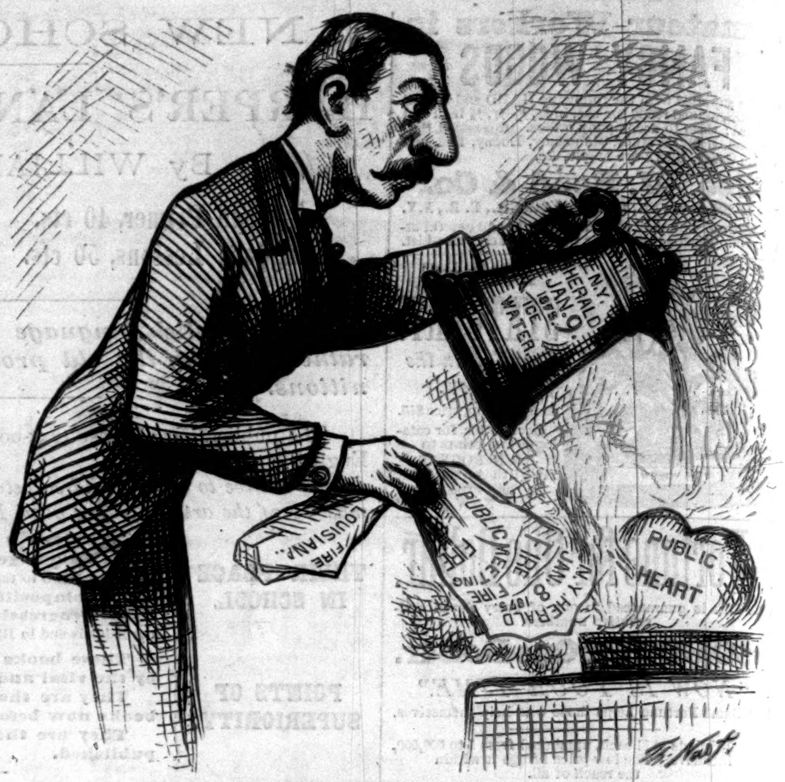
"With reference to Louisiana, it is to be borne in mind that any attempt by the Governor to use the police force of that State at this time would have undoubtedly precipitated a bloody conflict with the White League, as it did on the 14th of September. There is no doubt but that the presence of the United States troops upon the occasion prevented bloodshed and the loss of life. Both parties appear to have relied upon them as conservators of the public peace. The first call was made by the Democrats to remove persons obnoxious to them from the legislative hall, and the second was from the Republicans to remove persons who had usurped seats in the Legislature without legal certificates entitling them to seats, and in sufficient numbers to change the majority. Nobody was disturbed by the military who had a legal right at that time to occupy a seat in the Legislature."—*From President* GRANT'S *Message.*


N.Y. HERALD JAN. 9. 1875. ICE WATER.
FIRE LOUISIANA.
PUBLIC MEETING FIRE FIRE FIRE N.Y. HERALD JAN. 8 1875.
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"Let us have temperance in the Speeches at the Public Meeting."—*New York Herald*, Jan. 9.

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STATEMENT
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TRAVELERS.

22D SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE
TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.

HARTFORD, CONN., JANUARY 1, 1875.

ASSETS.

Real estate owned by the company,	$ 78,861 24
Cash on hand and in bank,	113,464 84
Cash in hands of Agents,	74,902 09
Loans on first mortgages real estate,	1,648,081 50
Deferred premiums,	62,997 70
Accrued interest,	55,930 41
United States government bonds,	368,430 00
State and municipal bonds,	118,370 00
Railroad stocks and bonds,	171,110 00
Bank and Insurance stocks,	496,093 00
Total Assets,	**$3,188,240 78**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve for re-insurance, acc. department,	$172,839 77
Reserve, N. Y. standard (4½) life dep't,	1,755,280 56
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities,	174,996 96
Total Liabilities,	**$2,103,117 29**

Surplus as regards policy-holders, **$1,085,123 49**

Surplus as above, on four per cent. reserve, Mass. and Conn. standard, **$906,799 41.**

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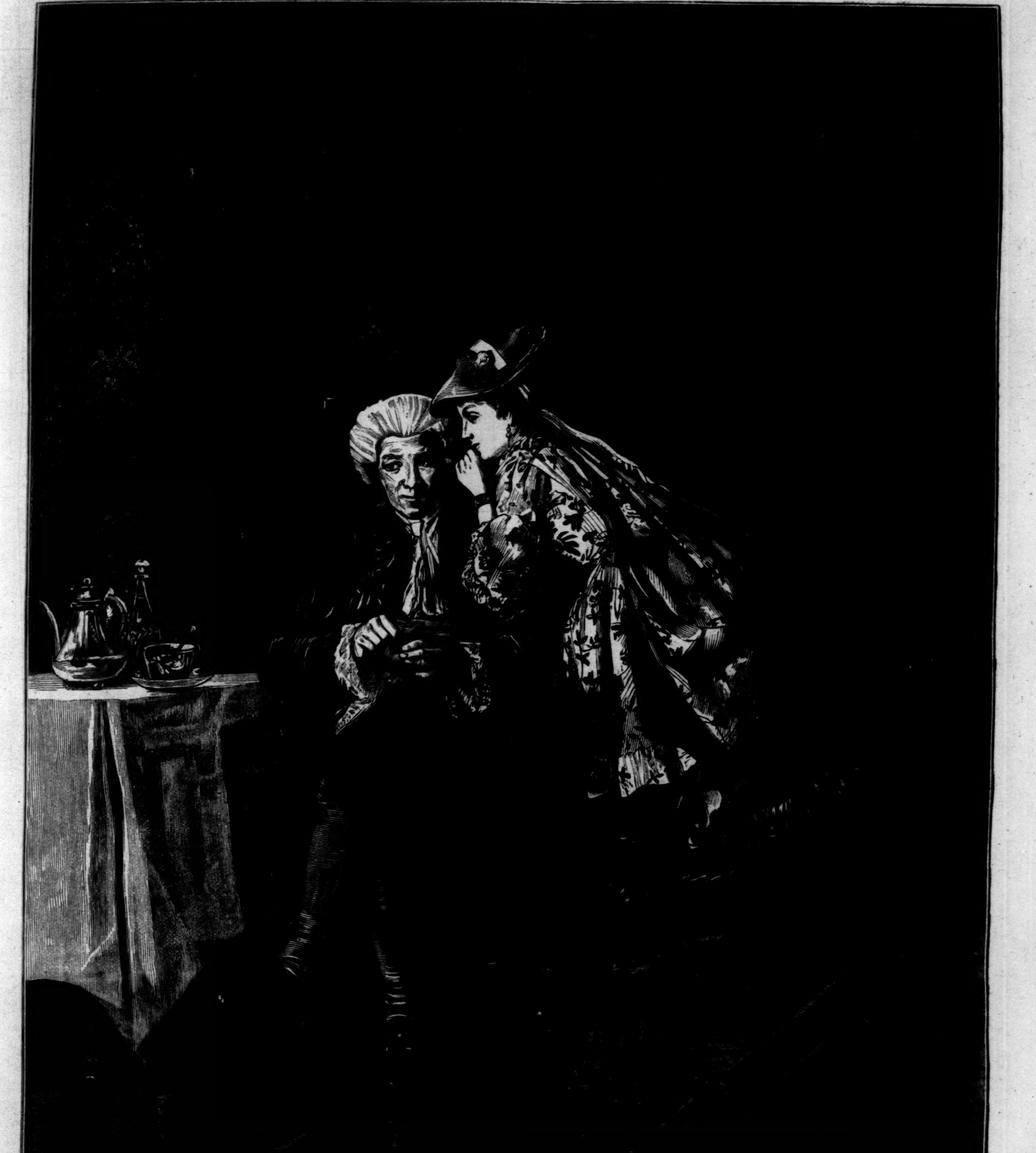


IN CONFIDENCE.

THE CASTAWAY.

THE most powerful imagination could but faintly conceive the horror of the situation suggested by the engraving on our double page. Alone at sea, upon a frail raft constructed in a few hurried and desperate moments from such materials as could be gathered hastily together before the doomed vessel sank forever out of sight, the shipwrecked sailor trusts himself to the mercy of the waves. Against the chances of rescue from his terrible situation are opposed so many fearful possibilities. The slight provision he has been able to make for his needs in the way of food and water is already spent; exposure to the burning heat of the sun by day and chilling mist at night must soon exhaust his strength; and at any moment a storm may arise and his raft be dashed in pieces by the waves.

The brave ship that left the harbor so short a time ago with colors flying, a fair wind swelling her canvas, her decks crowded with merry sailors and light-hearted passengers, and a thousand good wishes wafted in her wake, is lying now a shapeless wreck somewhere in the depths of the ocean. Of all the souls that trusted themselves upon the waters, fancying themselves secure within the protection of the good ship's powerful frame, but one alone survives, and he is drifting upon the treacherous waves with only his faithful dog for a companion in his peril, and a few frail boards between him and death. How long he may have floated there, at the capricious mercy of wind and wave, we can not know. What horrible scenes he must have witnessed as friends and comrades were swallowed up by the waves! what shrieks of agony must have fallen upon his ear as one by one gave up the struggle with the remorseless waters!

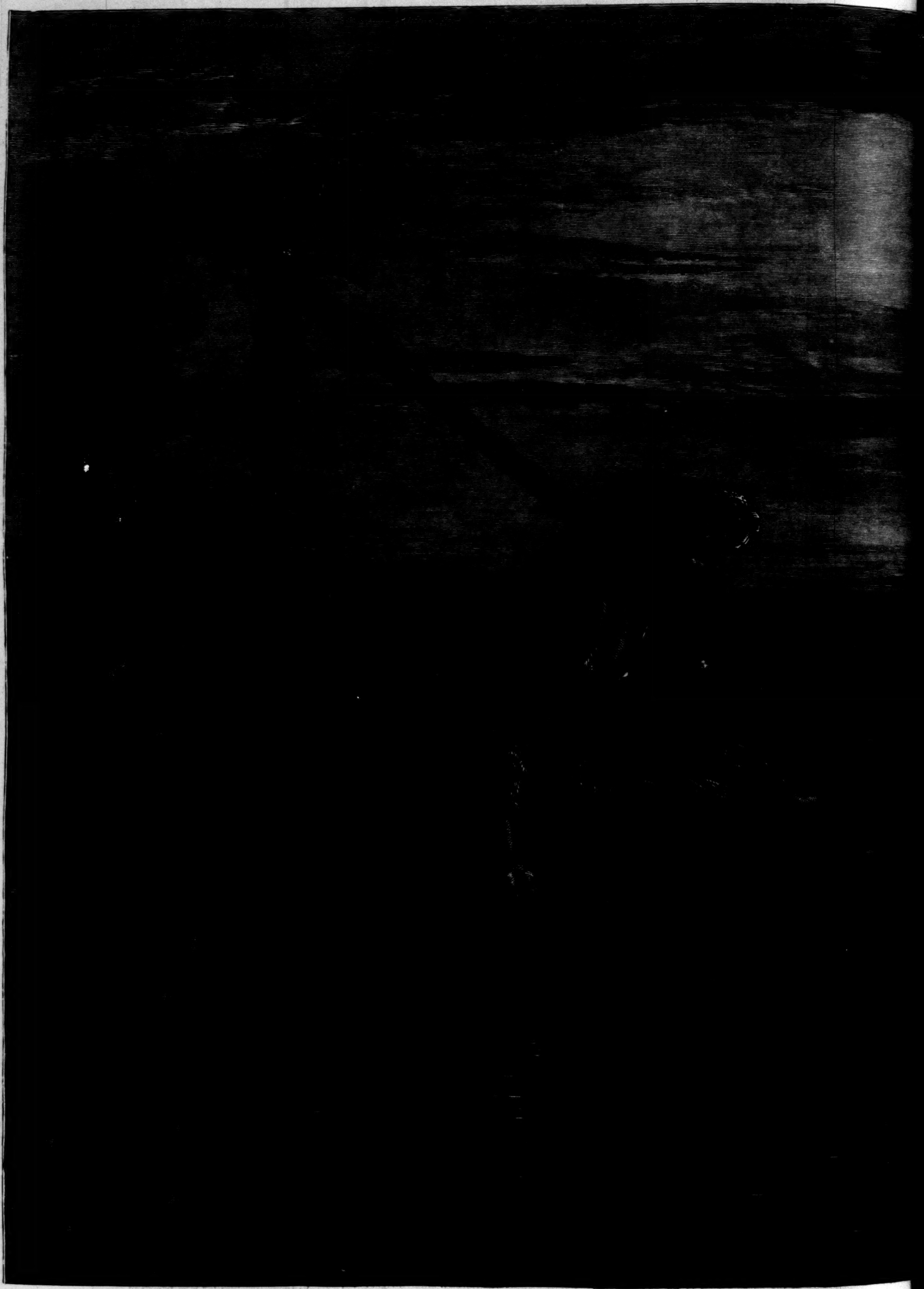
Alone on a raft in mid-ocean! The shipwrecked mariner has raised a tattered signal of distress, but there seems to be no wind to spread its folds. He hears the fragile raft creak and groan as the swelling waves strain the slender ropes that bind it together. The fierce sun pours down its blinding heat by day, and scorches the eyes that strain themselves so eagerly toward the horizon, longing to catch sight of an approaching sail. When at last the long day wears to an end, and the burning rays that seem to pierce into his very frame are withdrawn, then a yet more terrible sense of despair settles down upon his soul. He is conscious of relief from the torturing power of the sun's fierce heat, but as the evening shadows gather he knows that the thick blackness of the night will soon be around him, and all possibility of rescue will be removed until another day shall dawn.

How wearily the painful hours drag themselves along! The waves plash with a low monotonous regularity against the sides of the raft, and torture the overstrung nerves with their ceaseless reiterated murmur. They sound in his ears like faint spirit voices, and chill his soul with dread, as

"They tell of death and danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more can wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep."

Great indeed are the "perils of the deep," and great is the danger incurred by those who "go down into the sea in ships." Our sailors lead arduous lives, and are hourly surrounded by danger. Yet they cheerfully endure the hardship and privation and incur the fearful risks, and learn to love the treacherous element whereon they spend their lives. America is poorly represented on the ocean in comparison with some other nations, and yet it has been estimated that between four and five hundred American vessels are annually lost at sea, and that in a single month merchandise and valuables to the amount of a million and a half of dollars on an average are swallowed up by the ocean. In one year it was estimated that the number of casualties occurring to vessels off the coasts of the British Islands was between fourteen and fifteen hundred. Of these a large proportion were total losses.

Often some horrible calamity at sea shocks the community with its terrible destruction of human life, and yet only shipwrecks of a very appalling character force themselves upon our notice. The smaller vessels that go out to sea never to return are only noted by those few who suffer through their loss. But when the day comes that the sea "shall give up her dead," then we shall know how many human forms have been swallowed up by the great deep, and how many bright hopes have ended beneath the waves.



THE CASTAW SEE

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